The Outlook

JANUARY 17, 1923

GETTING AT THE COAL FACTS

ONCE through the Federal Trade Commission and three times through as many Senate committees the country has tried to get to the bottom of the reason for the periodical feast or famine in coal. Each time, however, through a fluke of some sort, the country failed to get the information it ought to have had. Now at last comes the United States Coal Commission, and for the first time since coal was mined in America we are to have the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts.

The Commission is clothed with ample power. It has gone about its work with calm disregard of any dust clouds that may have been kicked up either by miners or operators. It is seeking the whole truth, and is finding where it seeks.

The Commission's preliminary report to Congress, due on January 17 (the date of this issue), is but the curtain raiser for the play which will place in the spot-light America's dark industry. There will be other reports to follow the one now to be made public. The facts will be supplied, and the remedy should be applied.

Applying the remedy is no part of the Commission's task. That is reserved for Congress. The form of legislation appearing desirable to cure coal's ills, so far as legislation can cure them, probably will be determined by the facts which the Commission reports.

Meantime, the Commission by a short cut has gone to the heart of the industry's troubles. Knowing little of the coal business, with one or two notable exceptions, the seven members started at the outset of their official life to learn. The Commission went to school for days. It sought and got information at first hand as to how coal was mined and marketed. It learned the nomenclature of coal, the elements of engineering, the rudiments of mine management.

All this was done quietly and without the blare of the press agent, so that when the Commission sat down with leading miners and operators it astonished those gentlemen with its knowledge of the technique of their business. The questions it asked were strange questions in the ears of those who for five happy years had heard the interrogations of amateur investigators knowing little or nothing of the industry they were delving into.

The Commission called to its standard engineers, statisticians, and investigators trained in the ways of coal, but, unlike preceding inquirers, it did not allow these men to determine its policy. That it determined for itself. For the first time the coal industry found itself unable to guide measurably the Government's inquiry into its affairs.

One of the first things the Commission did was to formulate a questionnaire designed to bring out in elaborate detail the whole truth of costs and profits in the industry. This instrument of inquiry, with which every producer of coal in the country speedily was acquainted, is far more searching than the old questionnaire which the Federal Trade Commission adopted and which the courts barred by injunction.

Every coal producer is required to tell the Commission the whole story of cost and profit. The form of the questionnaire militates against generalization, concealment, or dissembling. The operator's profits will be known for the first time, and the profiteer will be stripped for public gaze.

The middleman and the retailer also come in for similar questioning. There is nothing to do but answer, no choice but Hobson's. In fairness to the industry, it should be said that, except for a wry face here and there, all factors have taken their medicine with good grace, and many individuals engaged in the business have sought in every way to assist the Commission in its work.

For years the miners have claimed—or at least the two-thirds of them who are union have—that they were underpaid. Very well; the Commission called for the pay-rolls. There will be about fifteen car-loads of them, covering three years' time, when they are all in. The Commission will know the earnings of every one of the country's 400,000 union miners for three years past. They probably will be made public in due time.

From fifty to one hundred field investigators were sent out into the mining sections.

On the heels of this work, the Commission brought such strong pressure to bear on miners and operators alike that the prospect for another National strike on April 1 next, hitherto regarded as inevitable, now happily is fading.

All of which comes from letting a little light into an underground business.

FINGER PRINTS OF ANTIQUITY

A BRITISH criminal judge in sentencing a murderer once said: "A person who leaves a finger print on any object leaves there an unforgeable signature."

The practical uses of the finger print are not confined to the detection of criminals. Yet the science—for it *is* a science, and a very definite science at that—has been chiefly used for criminal detection. One result has been that there is a prejudice against using it for purposes of civic identification; so that when, for instance, a proposal is made that the finger marks of every one should be registered, there is always an outburst of prejudice, as if there were something disreputable about such registry.

Some time ago a legal controversy arose over the authenticity of an alleged painting by Leonardo da Vinci. Experts and photographers were engaged on both sides. The whole matter turned on finger prints. What became of that particular controversy we do not know. But now another painting heretofore supposed to be by a minor artist has been identified by experts as a lost da Vinci.

The story is a curious one. As is well known, artists often use the thumb or finger in working over certain bits of the painting. These impressions are often perfectly legible after centuries. Now, there are no two persons in the world who have exactly the same finger print, and the convolutions or whorls have been classified and measured, so that tens of thousands of prints can be filed like index cards and by comparison a new finger print can be identified as already filed or not filed.

In the case of the picture now attributed to da Vinci, the comparison of course is between finger marks (or rather thumb marks) on that picture and thumb marks on pictures positively known to be painted by da Vinci.

The owner of the picture, Mr. George T. Pearsons, a New York art collector, had supposed it to be the work of Giapetrino, a little-known painter of about the time in which da Vinci flourished. It had, however, some of the great artist's characteristics. This led to a finger-print search by Mr. A. R. Sowall, an expert. When he concluded his work, he is reported to have said: "If da Vinci had been on trial, the print would have convicted him." Not only did enlarged photographs show that the thumbs were of the same arched type and identical in the convolutions, but there was trace of a small scar, and this, the expert thinks, added indisputable evidence.

The comparison was made with enlarged photographs of finger and thumb prints left by da Vinci on such famous

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pictures as the Mona Lisa in the Louvre and the Saint Jerome in the Vatican. Minutely accurate measurements with delicate instruments established the individuality and identity of the marks on these pictures and on the lost da Vinci to the entire satisfaction of the experts.

The painting thus identified is supposed to be a Saint John; some of those who have seen it think that the face has a resemblance to the famous Mona Lisa.

If this fascinating romance is generally accepted by the art world, we shall have the strange incident of a painter dead about four hundred years, yet now, as it were, claiming his own work by the mark of his own hand.

NOT WANTED

THE public and the press have been emphatic in declaring that the "second chance" that should be given to a man whose notoriety was so flagrant and fragrant as Arbuckle's should be to make good in some other way than as licensed jester and entertainer for young and old.

This attitude of the people has been recognized by Mr. Will H. Hays, who first proposed the Christmas second-chance idea. Mr. Hays now points out that it is a mistake to regard him as a czar of the films, and declares: "I have removed the artificial situation of one man being or appearing to be the judge of such matters either for 110,000,000 people or for a great industry and art." Mr. Hays is now of the opinion that "this is the kind of question that must be left finally to the judgment of the public, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to those who have business associations with the individual, and to the individual himself." He still wishes, and so do all of us, that Arbuckle should "go to work and make good if he can," but there are other ways than by doing comic stunts before audiences.

The Committee of Public Relations, an advisory board appointed to represent civic and religious organizations to cooperate with Mr. Hays, was not consulted by him before he did what newspaper headlines bombastically and incorrectly described as "lifting the ban" from Arbuckle. The Committee has declared:

> In the judgment of the Committee, it would be extremely detrimental to the youth of America for Arbuckle's pictures to be released for circulation, since it is highly desirable that reminders which would naturally come with his reappearance on the screen should not be thus placed before the public. Such releases would also, in the opinion of the Committee, tend to destroy public confidence in the purpose of the motion-picture industry "to establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion-picture production and develop the educational as well as the entertainment value and general usefulness of motion pictures."

The Committee of Public Relations, therefore, recommends to Mr. Hays that he advise the motion-picture industry to refrain from exhibiting pictures in which Mr. Arbuckle appears, and that any consideration shown him as an individual should be along lines not involving his appearance before the public as a motion-picture actor.

BOLL WEEVILS AND BATTLESHIPS

EDITORS who expound at length the articles they publish are in danger of being classified as tedious toastmasters, who do not know enough to let their orators speak for themselves. There are two articles in this issue of The Outlook, however, which it may not be amiss to introduce with an editorial foreword. We speak of Mr. W. H. Kirkbride's article on "A Billion-Dollar Bandit" and Captain Overstreet's article on "Naval Strategy as Affected by Aircraft and Battleships." Let us take up his banditship, the boll weevil, first. The damage done by this pest can hardly be exaggerated, but it should never be forgotten that there is another side to the story of the boll weevil, which has made its coming not wholly a hardship.

The South has been cursed with a one-crop system, which encouraged planters to mortgage their crops in advance and to exhaust their soils. The boll weevil, by destroying the comparative certainty of a definite cash return, has broken down the one-crop system, and forced farmers to diversify their crops and their agricultural industry. It has brought stock raising into regions where it was never known before. It has taught the value of leguminous cover crops, and has brought the South immeasurably nearer to a comprehension of scientific farming. One town, in gratitude to the boll weevil, has erected a monument in its honor. All of which bears witness to the old adage concerning clouds and their accompanying linings.

At first glance, Captain Overstreet's article on naval strategy may seem too technical for the enjoyment of the general reader. We suspect also that some of our subscribers may regard it as an incitement to an immediate attack upon Japan and England. We have observed even stranger misinterpretations of articles which have appeared in The Outlook than this. We think that the chief value of this article lies in the fact that the reader may gain from it a new comprehension of the training and technical proficiency which is needed to make out of a group of individual battleships and subsidiary vessels of the air and water a fleet capable of being handled as a single unit. We think our readers will gain a new comprehension of the danger which lies in permitting Congress to let our fleet deteriorate as a fleet because of an inadequate personnel. It does not take long to train a private in the "school of a soldier," but the school of a battleship is something which cannot be compassed in a few brief weeks.

"PEACE AND PROSPERITY IN IRELAND"

PROBABLY law and order will in time take the place of murder and retaliation in Southern Ireland, but the New Year's message of Mr. Cosgrave, head of the Free State Cabinet, in which he predicts for 1923 "the beginning of a new era of peace and prosperity in Ireland, making her children everywhere justly proud of their motherland," must be taken with the emphasis on the word "beginning." At all events, on the same day Mr. Cosgrave gave to the press a statement in which he said that the former policy of leniency had failed and that stern measures to repress disorder must be taken. Accordingly, we read in the despatches of the recent execution of seven more rebels against the Free State, making nineteen executions in the month, all but one, we believe, of persons found with arms in their possession. On the other hand, we read also of ambushes, attacks on railway traffic, armed robberies, attacks on banks, and, again in Mr. Cosgrave's words, "deliberate murder of unarmed soldiers or civilians."

Bad as all this sounds, it is probably true that the percentage of men actually striving to break down the Free State by violence is extremely small as compared with the whole population—Mr. Cosgrave asserts that the Government is representative of ninety-eight per cent of the people. If this is so, it will in the end prevail, and it is not unreasonable to hope that Ireland will become as peaceful as Canada is under a Dominion rule almost exactly like that of Ireland.

FOR A SAFE AND SANE IRELAND

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, now in America, represents the moderate, reasonable, and conciliatory view of Irish affairs. He is the originator of the agricultural co-operative system in Ireland. "Better farms, better business, better living," is its motto. A particularly hateful form of Irish "agitation" has been the burning of barns and killing of cattle belonging to this valuable industrial development, the most democratic institution, Sir Horace declares, that Ireland had under English rule.

Under the Free State, as violence dies

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THOU HAST HER, FRANCE; LET HER BE THINE

(*Lear, Act I, Scene 1*)

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

THE NEW WATCHWORD!

From Miss E. R. Edsall, Pasadena, California

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

"HA! I SEE WHERE HIS MONEY GOES!"

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

A HARD NUT TO CRACK

From Roger Searle, Napa, California

Thomas in the Detroit News

WE CAN'T HELP BEING INTERESTED

From B. Crampton, Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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down there is hope for Ireland in the co-operative idea. Possibly some day even American farmers may learn from it things worth while. Meanwhile Sir Horace, now a Senator of the Free State, comes to America, as he has done before, to learn new farming methods and study out the best agricultural future policy for his own country.

As to the political situation, Sir Horace said to reporters on his arrival:

> It is impossible to say when peace will come to Ireland, but my firm belief is that the vast majority of the Irish people earnestly desire the treaty and the Constitution founded upon it to be upheld. Nobody in this world gets everything they want.
>
> What Ireland wants most is unity, and the only way to bring that about now is to have unity in the twenty-six counties first, set up a stable government there, and then negotiate with the six counties left out.

This is the hope of all friends of Ireland. It should mean more production and less destruction.

THE NEW CRISIS IN EUROPE

BEFORE this number reaches its readers, unless something unexpected happens, French officials supported by French troops will have entered the German city of Essen in order to collect profits on German industries and customs on German exports as productive guaranties for the payment of reparations.

In doing this France has the active support of two of her allies—Belgium and Italy.

Contrary to a widespread impression created by the opponents of French policy, and particularly by despatches from Germany, this act of France cannot legally be regarded as an act of war. It is not an attempt to introduce a new element of force. It is simply the employment of forceful means already accepted as a part of the peace terms.

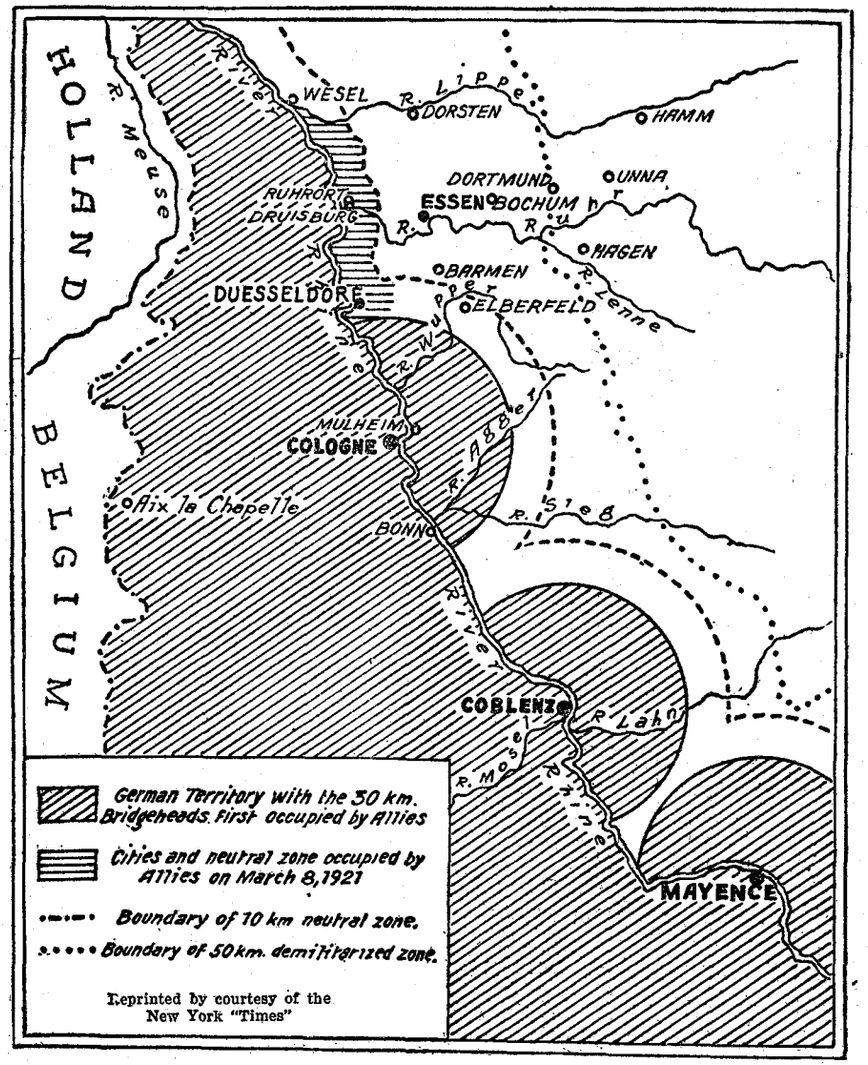
This is made plain by the following provision (Part VIII, Annex II, Paragraph 18) in the Treaty of Versailles (the italics are ours):

> The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of *voluntary default* by Germany, and which Germany agrees *not to regard as acts of war*, may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the *respective* Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances.

In the paragraph preceding this it is provided that the Reparations Commission shall give notice to the interested parties in the case of default by Germany in the performance of her reparation obligation. Already the Reparation Commission, by a vote of three to one, in which Great Britain constituted the minority, reported that Germany was in voluntary default in furnishing the required amount of timber, and again by the same vote it now finds that Germany is in voluntary default in the delivery of coal. And it is universally expected that the Commission will find Germany in default in cash payments when the time of the moratorium granted to her expires on January 15.

France, therefore, is not violating the Treaty of Versailles, but is observing it.

France is, moreover, not isolated. It is Great Britain rather that is isolated. Belgian troops are acting with French troops and Belgian and Italian officials are acting with French officials.



Compared with the shaded territory, held by Allied forces, the new advance to Essen seems small. The significance of the advance is not in the area occupied, but in the industrial character of Essen and the Valley of the Ruhr. The few American soldiers—about a thousand—remaining in the occupied region are at Coblenz, at some distance from the scene of the present operations

IS IT GOOD MORALS?

Legally, therefore, France has a case which appears to be hard to impugn.

The question nevertheless remains whether this so-called invasion of the Ruhr Valley can be morally justified, or defended as expedient.

Whether it is an act of good international morals depends upon France, Belgium, and Italy's spirit and purpose. In all such action there are mixed purposes. Undoubtedly there are elements of political intrigue, military adventure, and commercial greed in this act. It would be hard to find any international action in which such elements were not to be found. To attribute to such purposes as these all the force behind the action of the three allies is, we believe, to make a serious error in judgment and in understanding three great peoples. We must recognize that the Government of France, for instance, has a prime duty to the French people. It is the business

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of that Government to see that, so far as it is able, the people of France have justice. It has no right to make any other concessions to the German people at the expense of the French people than any other trustee has to make concessions at the expense of his ward. The French people believe that there is a just debt due them from Germany for the destruction of a vast area of France. Mr. Walker D. Hines, who has had an opportunity to be familiar with European affairs, and does not hesitate to speak of the French policy as nationalistic, selfish, and shortsighted, and is therefore not a partisan of France, has stated the French case in a recent speech as follows:

> France has had a paramount need for prompt payment by Germany of an ample indemnity. England has appeared to have a greater need for a prosperous Germany with which to trade. . . . The French firmly believe that England got by far the best of the peace settlement. They say their interest was primarily in reparations and security and they got neither, while England's interest in security was obtained at the outset of the peace by the surrender of the German navy, and England's principal interest, that of commerce, was secured through taking away Germany's merchant marine and the German colonies. Whenever England now suggests that France make a concession to Germany, the French public man is likely to charge that that is simply to help Germany, so it can make a better market for English commerce.
>
> In France Germany's treaty obligation to pay reparation is regarded as a solemn debt. France is asked to waive a large part of it. It is easy to see that a French political leader lays himself open to attack if he proposes to waive in large part the war debt which is due to France without getting any waiver in return of the war debt due by France to England and the United States.

If this is a selfish and short-sighted policy, America's policy is also, as Mr. Hines points out. There seems, however, an element of justice at least in the claim that Germany can and ought to do what France can do, and, in fact, has done. For the destruction wrought in France, inconceivable to those who have not seen it with their own eyes, the French people have themselves already paid. Is it just or unjust on the part of the French to urge that they be repaid for this by those who wrought the destruction? To say that Germany cannot pay for this is to say that the Germans cannot do what the French have done, that what has been proved possible for thirty-seven million people to do is impossible for a country of sixty million and more to do. Even so hard-headed a German as Stinnes, the German trust king, recognizes the justice of this demand. He even recognizes that it is just from the German point of view. In a speech made a few weeks ago and published in translation in the "Living Age" Stinnes said:

> Although I know that I am unable, with my own resources, to rebuild the devastated regions, I am none the less convinced that this task must take precedence, and cannot be evaded. In my opinion, they would long since have been completely rebuilt if we had been the victors in the war, for I take it that any victorious nation would unquestionably get rid at once of the incubus of such a chaos of wreck and ruin. That territory must be rebuilt, if merely for psychological reasons. The millions of people who are now living there, under intolerable conditions, must be conciliated and made contented. Otherwise, I do not expect to see the country to which they belong recover its sanity and reason.

He would, it is true, apparently confine the rebuilding to merely human habitations, leaving the French to struggle with their dismantled and destroyed industries alone, under the handicap which the Germans, whether suffering military defeat or not, undertook to place and have so far succeeded in placing upon France. He would, it is true, apparently direct what France and Britain should do with the reparation payments that they receive. Nevertheless this German industrialist frankly acknowledges that Germany has not even begun to pay what she can pay and ought to pay, and that she is bringing ruin upon herself not to see that.

If justice requires reparation, it justifies the enforcement of it.

It is reported that the French Government proposes to send in cheap food for the German workers in the Ruhr Valley and to provide for them higher wages than they have been receiving. It has announced its intention of doing everything possible to avoid offense to the inhabitants of the region. If these reports are true and the purposes lived up to, there will be evidence that the spirit of the French, Belgians, and Italians is that of good will.

IS IT EXPEDIENT?

Even though the action of France, Italy, and Belgium in taking possession of Essen is legal and morally justifiable, the question remains whether it is expedient.

Certainly the alternative of allowing Germany to default without penalty or guaranty has proved productive of neither reparations nor good will.

If France had taken possession of the Ruhr Valley two years ago, it is hard to believe that she would have incurred more ill will in Germany or more criticism in England and America than she has already incurred by a policy of patience and postponement. France has made the mistake that politicians often make for their countries, of threatening without acting.

When Britain, at a conference of Prime Ministers in Paris, proposed a policy that met further ultimate reduction of reparations and further postponement without productive guaranties, there was little to commend to France the continuance of the old experiment. It is not surprising that the conference came to an end with Britain on the one side and France, Belgium, and Italy on the other.

When, therefore, it is asked whether the new procedure is expedient it is appropriate to ask in return, "Expedient for whom?" Undoubtedly the procedure now undertaken is inexpedient for England, and there are people in America who believe that it is not expedient for this country. As between England and France our Government is rightly refusing to take sides. It would seem like taking sides for the Administration to accept the opinion of the Senate expressed in their resolution that the few American soldiers who now occupy the region in Germany should be withdrawn. To take these soldiers away would be interpreted as a rebuke to France. We have a right to keep those soldiers there under our treaty with Germany, which enables us to act jointly with our allies under the Treaty of Versailles. So far as our Government is concerned, therefore, there is no occasion for approval or disapproval of French or British policy. And if we are not in a position either to approve or disapprove directly we ought not to attempt to do so indirectly.

CAN AMERICA DO ANYTHING?

Since the United States Government has neither the opportunity nor the moral right to attempt to influence policies of European Governments concerning political measures they may take for the enforcement of their rights, can it do anything that will be helpful?

Apparently the Administration believes that it can. Indeed, the Secretary of State has already transmitted to Europe a proposal for a conference of experts to be appointed by the several Governments to examine the conditions and ascertain the facts which affect the present economic situation.

This is not an attempt to interfere with political measures of any country. It is not an attempt to substitute an economic policy for a political one. It is, as we understand it, an attempt to separate the economic factors in the situation from the others and to see what can be done with them.

Here we have rights and interests.

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Here, perhaps, we have what is more important, our best chance to be of service. England is strong financially but shaken industrially. France is strong industrially but shaken financially. America is more fortunate than either in having a fair measure of strength both financial and industrial. As in the Naval Conference America was able to secure its aim just because it had the greatest potential naval strength of all, so to-day America is in a position to render service just because of its potential economic strength. And as the Government of the United States in limiting naval armament served the American people by serving also the people of other nations, so it may be that by the wise employment of its own economic resources America may be able to serve, not only the people of other lands, but also the people of America. As long as the problem in Europe was chiefly political, it was not possible for us to do much in the way of helping to untangle the economic snarls. Now, however, one of the most vexed of the political questions has been settled by the course that the French, the Italians, and the Belgians are pursuing. It may be that the occupation of the Ruhr will prove to be America's opportunity.

A SENSIBLE VETO

IF ever a Presidential veto carried conviction, it was that of the Bursum Pension Bill. Indeed, it seems to have convinced the author of the bill himself, for Senator Bursum is reported to have said that the President spoke in such "positive terms" that it did not seem possible to amend the bill so as to meet Mr. Harding's objections. On this the New York "Herald" comments: "The President did denounce the bill in positive terms. His terms were those of truth and courage. He showed that the bill was a blanket bonus which paid no heed to the real needs of individuals. It tossed public pensions to rich as well as poor, to the well and the sick alike. It threw money to the type of woman that marries a civil war veteran for mercenary reasons when he is on the brink of the grave. Worst of all, the bill saddled new taxes of $108,000,000 a year on a tax-ridden people."

The new Senator from New Mexico has introduced four bills no one of which has met with general approval; the bills combinedly involved enormous public expenditure, in this respect of all four the Pension Bill being easily the worst. The astonishing thing is that Congress should allow such a bill to pass both houses. It is almost proverbial, however, that Congress sees dimly when it comes to spending money either for pensions or for public improvements that are included in a log-rolling measure. There used to be "Watch-dogs of the Treasury" in Congress, but now it seems that every President must be his own watch-dog.

When, however, we consider what Congress has done in the past in the way of pension legislation, it would take a great deal to astonish us. Whenever public expenditure for pensions has seemed to decrease a little through the natural agency of time, the gates have been opened wide for new expenditure. That expenditure has in many respects been neither wise nor beneficent. Take, for instance, the question of private pension bills. Liberal as the general pension laws have been, they have included certain disabilities. But in many thousands of cases these natural and proper disabilities have been overridden by private bills. How carefully Congress considered these private bills may be judged from the fact that it has passed them in batches without examination, and sometimes at the rate of many scores of bills in a few minutes. The record achievement of Congress in this direction, so far as we know, was made when twenty-two hundred such bills were introduced in one week.

When, some years ago, a competent investigator wrote a series of articles on "Our Pork Barrel Pensions" in "World's Work," he described such things as the granting by private bill of a pension to a man who had not only deserted from the Federal Army, but had thereafter actually fought with the Confederate forces against the Federal Government. In the statements of physical disabilities upon which pensions were granted under the general law he found admitted as valid disabilities such things as "a sallow skin," "a tremulous tongue," and (most delightful of all) "a normal heart." Doctors and lawyers were found to push absurd claims by hundreds and thousands. All this was naturally distressing and obnoxious to genuine and patriotic soldiers, and members of the Grand Army joined in the protest against the abuses of loosely worded laws interpreted in the interest of bounty jumpers, men dishonorably discharged, and widows who had married aged veterans for mercenary motives.

The last class of pension sharks, namely, the grasping widows, form a ludicrous and at the same time disgraceful pension episode. The bill which Mr. Harding has just vetoed made the widow of a Civil War veteran eligible to pension if she married him prior to June 27, 1915—that is, fifty years after the end of the Civil War. Not content with that, it provided also that any such marriage later than 1915, if the veteran lived two years after the marriage, should entitle the widow to a pension for life. The President is eminently justified in his dry but caustic comment: "Frankly, I do not recognize any public obligation to pension women who now, nearly sixty years after the Civil War, become the wives of veterans of that war."

A few figures may refute the charge that the American people are stingy: Between 1878 and 1898 the total number of pensioners increased from 223,998 to 993,714. During the same twenty years, because of the Arrears Act of 1879, the amount paid for pensions increased from $26,786,000 to $144,651,879; thence it decreased little by little, but by 1913 it had increased to $174,160,000. From that time some of the expenditure is of course due to the war with Spain. The largest number of Civil War soldiers drawing pensions at any one time was in 1898, twenty-four years ago. In 1922 there were 547,016 pensioners on the roll (only 61 of them were World War veterans) and they drew $253,807,583. The persistence of widows as pension-drawers is indicated by the fact that in 1922 there were over 1,800 widows of soldiers engaged in the war with Mexico and 49 widows of the War of 1812.

The country is not inclined to be mean or finical in making provision for soldiers who rendered service and incurred disabilities or who in their later life are in distress. The country knows, however, that its natural generosity has been atrociously abused in the past, and that there is hardly any question which needs more careful attention and discrimination than that of pensions. And here comes a newly elected Senator from New Mexico and jauntily tosses into the Congressional mill a measure which would result, so says President Harding, in a pension outlay during the next fifty years of over fifty billion dollars. Moreover, as Mr. Harding declares, "it makes no pretense of new considerations for the needy or dependent, no new generosity for the veteran wards of the Nation."

A MODERN MYSTERY

"THE Tidings Brought to Mary," Paul Claudel's mystery play, another gift of the Theatre Guild to the New York stage, is archaistic in form and spirit, just as are Paul Manship's bronzes. And, like a Manship bronze, it combines the spirit of the present with the spirit of the past to produce a vital and modern creation.

To make a mediæval miracle live on a New York stage, to treat the mediæval faith in the immanence of God and the

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Photograph by Nickolas Muray

JEANNE DE CASALIS AS VIOLAINE IN "THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY" AT THE GARRICK THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

angels in a way to carry conviction to a twentieth-century audience, is a high achievement—an achievement which the author of "The Tidings Brought to Mary" must share with the Theatre Guild, and with T. Komisarjevsky and Lee Simonson, who staged this play.

The story of "The Tidings Brought to Mary" is the story of a family which for generations has cared for the farm from which a nunnery draws its maintenance. There are the farmer, his wife, his two daughters, and the lovers of Violaine, the elder child. Pierre de Craon, master builder, is stricken with leprosy because, so he believes, he has dared to attempt to lay impious hands upon Violaine. As a token of forgiveness of his sin Violaine kisses him, and he departs to complete his work at Rheims and to await the expected dissolution of his body under the dread scourge of mediæval times. Violaine's sister, Mara, sees this pledge of friendship, and places upon it an interpretation colored by her love for Jacques, the other suitor for the hand of Violaine.

The father chooses this time to leave his family to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Before his departure he gives Violaine to Jacques and turns over the management of his farm to his future son-in-law. Mara, vividly played by Mary Fowler, threatens to kill herself if the marriage is performed. She persuades her mother to tell her sister of this threat. The marriage never takes place, though the change comes not of Mara's doing. Violaine is touched, as Pierre was touched, by the scourge of leprosy, and departs to a solitary life, fed by the doles of the fearful people in the place where she has taken up abode. She acquires in time a reputation as a holy woman and a worker of miracles.

The old mother dies after the departure of the father. Jacques and Mara marry, and to Mara is born a son. But always between Mara and her husband falls the shadow of Jacques's lost love, Violaine. Mara's child is stricken and dies; she hastens with its cold body to her sister, now veiled like a sibyl because of the scars of the devouring disease. In a tempest of reproach and entreaty, Mara implores her sister to restore her child to life. Violaine takes the dead child to her bosom, protesting that the power to work miracles is not within her. Mara still implores and Violaine prays.

Miracles are dangerous experiments for a modern stage, but the giving back of the child, restored to life by the mercy of Mary, is treated with convincing dignity and beauty. Mara has her child again, but it is a child of a new and mystical birth, for its eyes have changed from the color of Jacques's to the color of the eyes of Violaine. It is not gratitude for the miracle which stirs the heart of Mara. It is a new and fiercer jealousy of her sister. Mara leads Violaine into a sand pit from which Pierre is digging material for his crowning architectural achievement. She contrives to crush her sister beneath a descending load of sand. The stricken Violaine is carried by Pierre to her old home, and with her dying breath asks forgiveness for her sister. This is the tragic scene which confronts the father upon his return from the Holy Land.

In so brief a summary it is not possible to tell all the story. It can be found, for those who cannot witness the Theatre Guild production, in the admirable translation of Claudel's play by Louise Morgan Sill.[1]

But the reader cannot have in mind, unfortunately, the color, rhythm, and symmetry of the play as it appears on the stage. The beauty of the production seems marred only by the inadequacy of some of the voices—an inadequacy which is frequently felt upon the American stage. That the voice is a musical instrument does not seem to have thoroughly penetrated the minds of our American actors and actresses. Flatness, false accents, poor enunciation, are things which must be corrected if the American stage as a whole is to be lifted to the level of beauty and intelligence which has been attained by some directors and some authors.

Critics of this miracle play by the French Ambassador to Japan have been protesting that they have been puzzled by a complicated symbolism which they could not understand or which they found to be uninteresting. This is a state of mind which we cannot compre-

[1] The Tidings Brought to Mary: A Mystery. Translated from the French of Paul Claudel by Louise Morgan Sill. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

MARY FOWLER AS MARA IN "THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY" AT THE GARRICK THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

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hend. The story of the play seems to us to be directness and simplicity itself—a presentation of faith which has passed from much of our modern work, but the reality of which we find manifested in the poignant beauty of those great houses of God which are the heritage and the wonder of our age of electricity and steel. A counterpart to Wordsworth's cry,

> Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn—

should be written for those who see in this presentation of mediævalism only a literary creation, devoid of life and motion.

GOVERNOR SMITH AND HIS PROGRAMME

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALBANY

The writer of this article, a man well versed in public affairs, is not a member of the Democratic party, but knows and likes Governor Smith and recognizes the good in his programme.—THE EDITORS.

THE inner meaning of the enormous revulsion of sentiment throughout the country against the Republican party last November appears to be the belief on the part of great numbers of people—farmers, laborers, clerks, small business men, and many others—that the Republican party is becoming rapidly the party of the ultra-conservatives. In New York this political tendency showed itself in the campaign between the sitting Governor Miller and former Governor Al Smith, and the latter was elected by an overwhelming majority of over four hundred thousand. Governor Miller represented to the average man in the State of New York the old Federalist point of view. Al Smith represented the great human tides of modern democracy.

The inauguration, or the reinauguration after two years' absence, of Governor Smith was a deeply democratic event, like the induction of Jackson in Washington in 1829. A multitude of the common people filled the streets and the hotel lobbies and poured over the ramparts of the Capitol at Albany and made themselves at home in great numbers in the inauguration chamber. The folk-music of the East Side of the metropolis and of the city masses generally—"Rosy O'Grady," "The Sidewalks of New York"—was the prevailing note. Nobody seemed to mind, not even the up-State country, which has always been sensitive, that the Tammany leader, Charles F. Murphy, was in the usual hotel suite attending to the distribution of the victors' spoils. The joy of having Al back in the Capitol, and the confidence that not even Murphy could put much over on Al which he didn't want put over on him, hushed most of the usual criticism about the near-by presence of the boss.

Governor Miller gave the people of the State a very remarkable business administration—a thing which is so often called for by certain elements in the community. Nobody doubts that Smith will give a reasonably good business administration, but he has also an unusual degree of visible human sympathy and happy human nature which gives him an immense popular following.

Governor Smith's message has in it a wide popular appeal. It represents sympathetically in its somewhat radical treatment of public issues an element in the Democratic party in New York whose control was thoroughly suppressed by Smith and his friends at the State Convention of the party. Nobody doubts about this either—that the outworking of whatever portions of the programme may pass the Legislature is safer in the hands of Smith than in the hands of Hearst.

The issue of the daily transportation of the population of the city of New York holds a chief place in the message. Miller's plan for the relief of the congested and financially intolerable transit situation in the metropolis was a thorough cure by the State Government, involving a unification of all the transportation systems, the elimination of some of them, the squeezing out of the water until real values were reached, the eventual ownership of all by the State, and private operation at a low rate of fare. It was the method of benevolent pressure from above, the supposition being that the present city government of New York had an incompetent spirit and intelligence for the solution of the problem. When Miller was defeated, this plan of transit relief was well organized for fulfillment, but it had come upon two seemingly insurmountable obstacles. In the first place, the State's Transit Commission could not bring the traction companies to agree to its valuations, to its elimination of watered stock and of unnecessary lines and branches, and apparently the only way the companies could be driven into the scheme was by the exercise of the State power of condemnation, which the Commission did not possess under the statute and which was impracticable because of the immediate financial burden involved for the city. And the second apparently insurmountable obstacle was that the city flatly refused to furnish some two hundred and fifty millions of new capital needed for the subway extensions unless it should be granted a far greater measure of control than was contemplated in the Miller statute.

Smith approaches the transit problem in New York City from the other end. "Let the city solve the problem," is his slogan. In the last analysis, the State can do nothing unless the city is first conciliated. Let the city have full home rule over its transit affairs. The Governor acknowledges the superior sovereignty of State control, but asks that the State delegate to the financial Board of Estimate and Apportionment in New York City the powers that it at present delegates to its own Public Service Commission, and then keep its hands off and let the city try its skill at its own problem.

There seem to be at least two difficulties in the way of the Smith transit programme. Should the State, which is constitutionally sovereign over the locality and over semi-public utilities, give over entirely its power of supervision? Should not there be at least a cable-tow connecting the State Government and the government of the municipality, like the Platt Amendment over Cuba, so that the State may determine the forms of accounting, the necessity of new security issues, and perhaps the certificates of need in the case where new lines seem necessary? For the rest, home rule might be extended to construct, and to operate, too, as a last resort power, although I regard private operation under public ownership as more likely to work well. The liberty of financing its utilities on the part of a municipality might well be extended. New loans for extensions might be permitted to be liens against the property and its earnings, rather than against the city, and thus the constitutional debt limitation provision might be reasonably avoided in a city like New York. Furthermore, home rule might be granted to the extent that no contracts with the city may be altered, no fares increased and no titles to traction property taken on behalf of the city, without the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. These elements of home rule seem essential to the ending of the intolerable deadlock between the city and the State.

The second difficulty in the Smith programme is about the wide use of omnibuses, to be in the control of the city under a proposed new statute. There is a probably well-founded fear that the present administration of the city of New York might use this power

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to wipe out, or at least materially injure, the present surface roads through the parallel use of the omnibus as a competitor. It is undoubtedly true that busses are destined to supplement existing traction systems, and the whole matter of busses is susceptible of being handled in an honest way and not in an unprincipled way.

Two years ago, under the Miller administration, the Direct Primary Law of the State was broken down, to the extent of substituting a convention of delegates elected at a primary, when candidates for State or higher judicial office were to be nominated. Smith favors the return of a complete direct primary system. The experience of the State with the Democratic and Republican Conventions last fall, which met for the first time under the modified law, was such as to furnish full proof that the State Convention is a futile institution. In the case of the Republicans the entire ticket was announced by the leaders two weeks before the Convention. The Convention turned out to be a social function, nothing more. The Republican Convention met in a suite in the Ten Eyck Hotel, and not at Harmanus-Bleecker Hall, in Albany, where the delegates were sitting. The same was true with the Democrats in Syracuse. The Convention was in Murphy's room at the Onondaga Hotel. The delegates in the lonesome hall sang "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" when they were *not* all there; and "How dry I am!" until the wet plank arrived from the Onondaga, and then the delegates went off into a tornado of wild enthusiasm. And it was all over.

Smith may have his way about the return of the direct primary. In a free country like ours, which is likely often to be swept by waves of unrest, it is well to have the political machinery as flexible as possible. Then we may get a quiet revolution through political forms, as the need arises. The free primary is a great safety-valve in a democracy.

The suggestions of the message for the reorganization of the State Government, reducing the elective State offices to three and giving them a four-year term; the merging of the State departments into as few as nineteen; and an effective budget system—are based, as the Governor says, upon thoroughly understood and almost universally recognized principles.

The message demands an amendment to the State Constitution permitting the people themselves to *initiate* as well as to pass upon, as at present, amendments to the fundamental law. This is a more doubtful proposal. It would mean probably a continuous popular agitation, led by the Hearst papers, for example, for the constant alteration of the fundamental instrument. The suggestion is also very likely the first gun in a campaign to secure authority for reapportioning the State for legislative purposes. Under the present Constitution, the city of New York, because of its constantly large alien population and its peculiar problems and complicated conditions, is prevented from obtaining its full population quota of representatives in the Legislature. The balance is with the more stable and conservative up-State population. There are two sides to the proposal to change this relative influence in the progress of the commonwealth, and the issue is sure to arouse much controversy.

P. & A. Photos

GOVERNOR SMITH AND EX-GOVERNOR MILLER, OF NEW YORK, REVIEWING THE INAUGURAL PARADE AT ALBANY

In the matter of the enforcement of the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment, Governor Smith is naturally wet to the skin. But probably because of deference to the dry Democratic electorate in many States, the fact remains that in the message the promise of the Democratic State platform is carried out perfunctorily as to the letter, but not enthusiastically to the hope of the thirsty supporters of personal liberty. Governor Smith would like to have the Legislature pass resolutions to ask Congress to do something about it!

The message makes a good argument against censorship in general, but in its desire to have the Film Censorship Law repealed in the State it does not line up strongly with the facts of greed and indecency which for the time being seem to be too much involved with the movie industry.

The so-called Lusk Bills are in another category. They should be repealed, as Governor Smith wishes them to be. The method of requiring teachers in our public schools to submit to a loyalty test is a gratuitous blow at useful public servants who are entirely responsible in other ways for any abuse of their rights. The same view holds for the attempt of the Lusk Laws to license and supervise private schools. It is all of a piece with the stupid general plan for safeguarding the institutions and traditions of the country that arose in some quarters as a result of the war.

On the side of labor and human welfare Governor Smith's programme is insistent upon progress, more so than the administrative programme of Governor Miller. It contemplates the strengthening of the Department of Labor and Industry and the passage of minimum-wage and eight-hour statutes for women and children in the factories.

Under the Miller régime provision was made for the first time for the private development of the water power of the State, outside the canal area, with the accompaniment of private profit. Governor Smith champions what he believes to be the wish of the people to receive directly the benefit of their great natural resources, and he therefore calls for State development, State ownership, and State control. The political forecast at Albany appears to be that one of the major struggles of the session will wage around this proposed alteration of policy. It will be further unfortunate for the Republican party in the State if the leading legislative issue seems to revolve about the question of private privilege and if the Republicans should seem to be lined up, whether rightly or wrongly on this issue, on the side where the political psychology of the country placed them unfavorably during the recent campaign.

Albany, January 8, 1923.

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THE DRUGGIST FROM NANCY

Whatever else he may have done, Monsieur Emile Coué has at least put the city of Nancy on the map. In spite of its industrial and railway importance, its population of 120,000, its ancient university attended by over 2,000 students, and its noteworthy architectural embellishments, few Americans, except men who served overseas, know anything about it. Nancy has now suddenly become famous, not through the efforts of one of its distinguished scientific professors, but because the proprietor of a pharmacy, a kindly, simple-hearted druggist, having gained a modest competence in compounding prescriptions, retired from business and is devoting himself to relieving the mental distress and anxieties of his fellow-men. Monsieur Coué's therapeutic theories may be open to question, but his human sympathy is of a fine type, and so we are glad to present to our readers a picture of his personality drawn at close range and to place after it a sketch of M. Coué by a member of The Outlook's editorial staff.—THE EDITORS.

I—MONSIEUR COUÉ AT HOME

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

ON the second of last October we traversed the long, narrow Rue Jeanne d'Arc (romantic in name only) for a long distance, until we came to the number given on our letter of directions and found ourselves in front of a tall two-family stucco house set a few feet back from the pavement and surrounded by a high wall. A group of people were coming out of the iron gate and a badly crippled young man on crutches was being helped up the front steps by a woman, presumably his sister. We were met just inside the gate by a strong-featured, black-eyed French peasant woman, of whom we inquired for Monsieur Coué. After we had explained that we had been told to call at two o'clock and showed our letter, she led us around the house through a little pebbled garden, through a diminutive gate in the rear wall, across a lane, and into another walled and pebbled inclosure on the other side. Here were thirty or forty people of all ages and conditions—peasants predominating—some standing in groups and talking, some walking about, and some seated on long wooden benches. To the left was a small one-story stucco building; to the right a somewhat larger square two-story building, back of which was a kind of tool-house with a wheeled chair or two inside. Several fruit trees completed the landscape.

After a few minutes people began to pour out of the two-story building, all of whom were crowding around a short, thick-set man with gray hair and goatee, waxed mustaches, penetrating brown eyes, and a kindly but quizzical smile. He walked with a slight stoop, and was dressed in a carelessly fitting black suit with a white stiff shirt, round upstanding collar, and black string tie. His garb was not unlike what one expects of rural Methodist parsons, except that their ties are white. This modest individual we at once realized was the erstwhile Nancy druggist and now world-famed exponent of auto-suggestion.

Our attention was drawn from him to an elderly woman who began to caper about the yard. After she had circled the small inclosure several times at a rapid rate, calling out: "*C'est comme ça? C'est ça?*" (Is this right? Is this right?), she came to a breathless halt, and informed those of us who crowded around her that three weeks before she could barely take a step. We were next attracted by a great hulking peasant, slowly and painfully approaching from the gate supported by two massive canes. He was presently greeted by Monsieur Coué, who questioned him about his lameness. After a few minutes' conversation Monsieur Coué told him he didn't need both canes. Slowly and cautiously he took a few steps with the right cane suspended a few inches from the ground. As he proceeded he walked faster and with less caution, and finally swung the cane over his shoulder and marched toward the gate in triumph.

What later happened to this man we do not know, because at this point we were summoned to enter the two-story house to attend the next conference. As we entered the house behind Monsieur Coué I thought that never had I seen anything so strikingly suggestive of the descriptions in the New Testament of the lame, the halt, and the blind, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, crowding about the Christ.

We slowly pushed our way up a very narrow staircase into a small room which gave into a somewhat larger front room. There were about thirty of us, of whom perhaps twenty were peasants. As many of us as could find chairs sat down, and the rest of us stood. Monsieur Coué stood in the middle of the larger room and gave us a brief exposition of his theory and method of conscious auto-suggestion. After this he passed around the room and asked each person in turn what his or her trouble was. An elderly peasant woman complained of a pain in her back. He placed the tip of his finger on the spot she indicated, closed his eyes, told her to close hers, and repeated in a rapid and monotonous tone: "*Ça passe, ça passe, ça passe*" (It's going, it's going, it's going), and kept this up for several minutes. Then he asked her if it had gone. She replied it had, but added, "*Oui; pour le moment.*" He turned upon her and said: "By that remark you will it back at the end of a moment. Say it has gone! Never say 'It has gone for the moment!'"

In several instances his quick repartee brought a laugh all round the room. The atmosphere was one of cheerfulness, almost at times of hilarity, never of sadness and depression. One young peasant woman expressed the fear that she was losing her mind. He assured her that if she really were losing her wits she would probably have no such anxiety, and then he made some remark which made her laugh.

A woman in deep mourning sat near me, evidently a woman of culture, who had with her a young girl of twelve or thirteen whose face twisted into contortions every minute or two. She had, I assume, some form of Saint Vitus's dance. At the close of the conference the face of this unfortunate child was perfectly calm. How long it remained so of course I do not know.

After he had questioned the patients and performed some simple hand-clasping tests designed to demonstrate the dominance of the imagination over the will, he stood in the center of the room with his eyes closed, asked us to close our eyes, and gave us a little talk in which he enjoined us to believe that all our bodily organs were functioning as they should, concluding with the little formula: "*Tous les jours, à tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux*" (Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better). This we were told to say in monotonous tone and without thought night and morning, counting off each statement on a knotted string—the purpose being to register this idea upon the sub-conscious.

After the conference we made an appointment to meet Monsieur Coué in his office at six o'clock that evening for a private talk. In this talk he told us how he had evolved his theory and method from a study of hypnotism. The hypnotist suggests to his patient while unconscious. Monsieur Coué has the patient suggest to himself while conscious. In the course of the conversation he referred to the pressure under which he was working. He pointed, by way of illustration, to his desk piled almost to overflowing with the day's mail, as yet unopened. He showed us a large scrap-book entirely filled with newspaper cuttings about his work, and

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told us that was the accumulation of less than one month.

We hoped that when we left he was at last to have a little respite; but no, a young man who was, we were told, suffering with diabetes was waiting, and went in as we came out. And for all this endless round of work this sixty-six-year-old man charges exactly nothing. He is surely practicing with a vengeance the precept, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

II—MONSIEUR COUÉ IN NEW YORK

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

IT is the shrewdness in M. Coué's face that makes the first impression; then it is the humor; and, finally, the good nature and the kindliness. If you like the provincial Frenchman, you will like Coué. He is typical of the substantial citizen of a small French town who has perhaps inherited a modest patrimony, has conducted his business wisely, and has saved his francs. He might well be the Mayor of Bazoilles. With a reputation that extends over all the world and has spread greatly in America, this short, rather stout, gray-haired, gray-bearded druggist remains in outward appearance just as he would have been if he had continued in his former business.

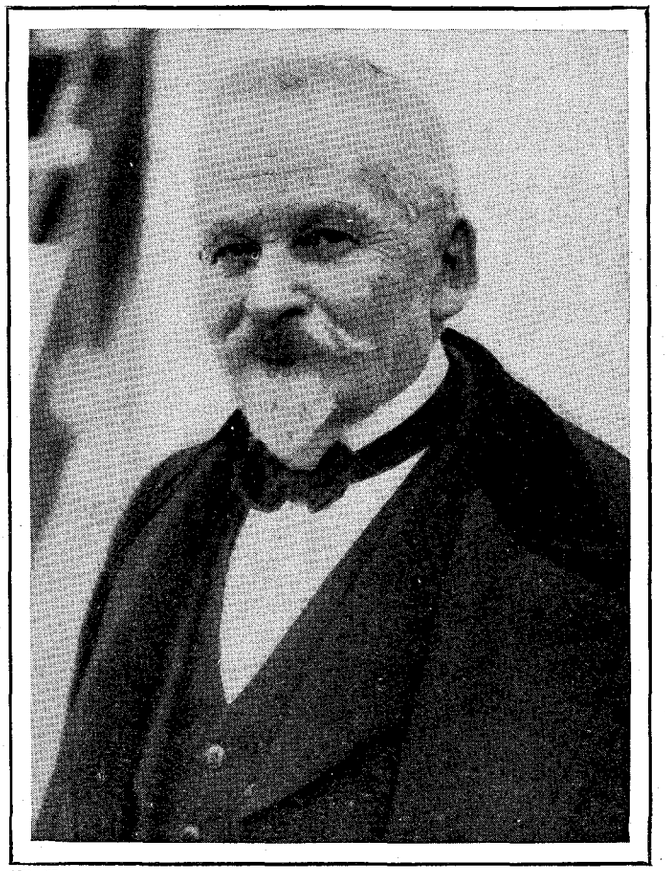
He not only gives no sign of assuming greatness, but he gives no sign of assuming modesty. There is no assumption of any sort about him. When he disclaims any special powers, he does so, not in a deprecatory manner, but in the way of merely stating a fact that needs to be understood.

This man from Nancy (whose name as he pronounces it sounds like that of former Senator Quay spoken quickly and crisply) definitely disclaims being in any sense a healer. He does not pretend to cure people of anything. He has not the attitude of the physician. Neither has he any of the aspects of the preacher of religion. He is not a prophet of a new faith. He disclaims any special interest in religion or in anything like religion. He offers nothing as a substitute for faith, as he offers nothing as a substitute for medicine.

He seems to be more like a teacher; and not like a college teacher, but like a kindly teacher of children. His methods are simply those of the schoolmaster who wants to get an idea into the schoolchildren's heads.

He has seized upon one idea in psychology. It is that the imagination is the ruler of our unconscious thoughts, decisions, and acts. There is a great deal in our lives that is unconscious. Some writers, without much justification for the term, have called it the subconscious. The familiar old trick of a boy sucking a lemon in the full sight of a German street band in order to make their mouths water and thus incapacitate them for playing is a good illustration of the action of the unconscious. Those German band players, try as they may, cannot avoid their plight. The very sight of that lemon appeals to their imagination and makes the saliva flow.

M. Coué cites an example of the novice on a bicycle who wants nothing at the time so much as to avoid the rock in the road and nevertheless because he imagines himself hitting it makes directly for it. It is this power of the imagination that he asks his fellow-men to employ for their own good. As he says, the imagination leads us. If we lead the imagination, therefore we shall lead ourselves.



(C) Keystone

M. ÉMILE COUÉ ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

He is apparently perfectly aware of the limits of the power to which he would have us appeal. He knows perfectly well that no amount of imagination will make an eye that is truly blind see, or will enable one suffering from true paralysis to walk. He is not interested particularly in diagnosing disease or in curing those ills with which modern medicine and surgery are battling.

For this reason, he does not greatly interest the modern scientifically trained medical man who engages in his work with the scientific devotion of the biologist. Nevertheless he has perhaps a contribution to make to the professional ideas of the practical physician. He would like to make a course in auto-suggestion a part of the medical school curriculum. His idea, if grasped by a patient, would make that patient probably more adaptable to treatment. His idea will probably make the lot of many an incurable invalid happier.

But chiefly he presents his idea as one which ought to be employed for the better guidance of ordinary normal conduct. He offers it as a guide to enable people to control themselves better, to secure what the conscious will sometimes not only fails to secure but often drives away—as, for instance, sleep, when one for no obvious reason persists in lying awake at night.

What danger there is in M. Coué's teaching is not in the teaching itself, which is essentially a commonplace of psychology, but in the misuse of it and in the false notions that may cluster about it.

The most injurious effect is likely to be the same as that which follows any movement for self-improvement. It will tend to make people think about themselves. It will tend to confirm the no-

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tion that the end and the object of life is not character or service, but physical well-being or mental tranquillity. It will promote one of the worst phases of modern life—the habit of introspection without the restraint of science or the inspiration of religion.

The other chief danger, perhaps not as serious but probably more general, will come from the false ideas that will cluster about this. People will get the notion that M. Coué is offering something as a substitute for faith. They will imagine that a piece of string with knots in it which pass through the fingers as one repeats his formula will bring to the world the same recuperative power that has been brought to thousands of simple believers who have told their beads. It will lead people to think that by working their own imagination they can seize upon the same kind of power that has made a Paul of Tarsus, a Savonarola, a Luther, and a Wesley. Even more probably, it will lead people to think that here is something that makes scientific medicine antiquated. It may lead them to think that by appealing to their own imaginations they can dispense with the knife of the surgeon, with the diagnosis of the physician, and the care of the nurse, and the treatment of the hospital. Thus it is almost certain to raise hopes that will be wrecked, to create illusions that will vanish, and to bring in the train of these baseless hopes and illusions disappointment, grief, and bitterness.

The unfortunate consequences of what may follow the attempt to cultivate the idea which M. Coué would propagate M. Coué himself would be the first to deplore. He has come to America, it is said, with no thought of personal gain, but only with the idea of benefiting his fellow-men. It is true that some of the methods of M. Coué remind one of the patent-medicine man. He undertakes to demonstrate what by his methods at least is undemonstrable. He reads letters from people who have followed his advice that read much like the testimonials for Father John's Medicine or Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In this respect M. Coué shows how far removed his mind is from the mental atmosphere in which the scientific medical man moves. In fact, from the atmosphere of any science. There is nothing that is more easy to obtain and nothing that is less conclusive for the scientific man than a collection of individual testimonials. They serve, however, M. Coué's purpose by appealing to the imagination, which he wishes to stimulate.

The secret of M. Coué's success is in his evident sincerity, in his apparent desire solely to serve his fellow human beings, and, chiefly of all, in his extraordinary capacity for making his ideas seem simple. He speaks simply and clearly, he drives his point home by illustrations that everybody understands, he has reduced his ideas to formulas which people can repeat and get into their minds by that means. He has a genius for popularizing one small branch of psychology. If every teacher had M. Coué's kindliness, charm, shrewdness, and simplicity, young people would go to school and college for the fun that they could get in their class-rooms as well as on their playing fields.

NEW MEXICO AFLAME AGAINST TWO BILLS

I—PARKS AND INDIANS

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

FOLLOWING the lead of the Women's Club of Albuquerque, the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs (two of the largest and most influential business men's organizations in New Mexico) have also passed resolutions against adding to the National Parks System the queer collection of spots, from two or three to ninety miles apart across deserts, which Secretary Fall personally worked through the Senate as part of his Mescalero Indian Reservation Bill and now is trying to put through the House.

Besides its lack of any qualification whatever for National Park honors and the impossibility of its proper administration, Secretary Fall's All Year National Park, as he calls it, will introduce irrigation, water power, mining, hunting, lumbering, and the leasing of industrial privileges into the National Parks System.

The resolutions against it show that the people of New Mexico have a remarkably clear conception of the public policy governing our National Parks System. They also seriously object to their State being misrepresented in the system by so ignoble a park unit. The earnest protest to Congress against this bill comes from every State in the Nation, but it is greatest by far in New Mexico. In fact, the New Mexican state of mind over this and the Pueblo Indian Bill is altogether exceptional in any State at any time.

The central and northern parts of the State, where live the great bulk of the population, are greatly stirred up. The principal newspapers, led by the Santa Fé "New Mexican" and the Albuquerque "Herald," devote columns of news and editorials to the All Year Park at intervals. The only New Mexican newspaper voices so far lifted in its favor are those of two weeklies in Las Cruces, near the southern border. One of these, the "Citizen," eloquently appeals to "the wives and mothers of Albuquerque" in behalf of "the poor emaciated babies in the southern part of the State" whom the proposed All Year National Park will help "regain their rosy little cheeks." The wives and mothers appealed to belong to the Albuquerque Woman's Club.

As additional facts emerge and drop into the perspective of the whole, it is becoming apparent that this is no flare of momentary indignation, but an expression of a long-smoldering resentment. Instead of calming the public mind the Pueblo Indian Bill, which followed in September, at once started still another determined opposition from end to end of New Mexico.

THE PUEBLO INDIAN LANDS BILL AN ALLIED MEASURE

This bill, ordering the United States courts to accept as *prima facie* evidence of title the Joy survey of 1914–16, which located the claims of all white squatters on lands which the Pueblo Indians have held since before the Spanish occupation, is the second of its kind. The original bill was introduced in 1921, and the Indian Rights Association promptly protested against it to Secretary Fall in person and denounced it in its annual report. Secretary Fall did not push that bill. Instead, he procured the appointment of R. E. Twitchell to the Department of Justice and had him assigned to visit the pueblos. Mr. Twitchell helped write the present bill, which, though differently phrased, is identical in purpose.

This new bill was worked through the Senate by the identical tactics which had been used so successfully with the All Year Park Bill. In that case a bill belonging in the Public Lands Committee was referred to the Indian Affairs Committee, which knows next to nothing about National Parks. In the Pueblo Indian case a bill belonging in the Indian Affairs Committee was referred to the Public Lands Committee, which knows next to nothing about Pueblo Indians.

In both instances Senator Bursum, who sponsored both, used Secretary Fall's official influence to secure favorable reports, the Indian Bureau and the National Park Service both being bureaus in the Interior Department. In both instances Senator Bursum secured passage through the Senate by claiming administrative reasons. In both instances Secretary Fall himself wrote to

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the Senate Committee urging passage. In his letter on the Pueblo Bill Mr. Fall claimed it as an Administration measure, which has a very definite meaning to most persons, and Senator Bursum repeated the phrase to the Senate. Having secured a favorable report by these means, Senator Bursum sprung the bill at the close of the summer special session with the Senate eager for adjournment. It was swiftly passed without debate; but Senator Borah's questions suggested that he was not satisfied.

STATE AND NATION AGAIN AROUSED

Between sessions, however, things happened. The official organ of the Roman Catholic Church in southern California publicly exposed the bill's real meaning and denounced it. The Franciscans in New Mexico instantly got into the fight. The General Federation of Women's Clubs then adopted the Indians' defense as a major measure. The New Mexico State Federation marched upon the firing line on October 26, and an entirely new organization of indignant New Mexicans was formed under the title of the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs.

The statement which Secretary Fall had written to the Committee and Senator Bursum had repeated to Congress, that the bill had the indorsement of the Pueblo Indians, was denied by them in "An Appeal to the People of the United States," signed on November 5 by the chiefs of twenty pueblos. "We were never given the chance of having anything to say or do about this bill," they stated. They had applied to the Indian Bureau and to Mr. Fall's special agent in the Department of Justice, and information had been refused them.

During the November special session Senator Borah, who had been looking into the matter, carried through the Senate a resolution to recall the Pueblo Indian Bill from the House, and the House promptly gave its permission. The Eastern Association on Indian Affairs meantime had organized in New York City to fight the bill. The Chicago Association on Indian Affairs was organized shortly after. And now a National association is in process of formation.

The eyes of all these bodies are also focused upon the Mescalero Indian Bill, which masks the All Year Park project. They call attention to the fact that it gives the Mescaleros no compensation for the 2,000 acres taken from them for this National Park, and allege that the Indians consented to this loss because they feared that their refusal would result in the loss of their whole reservation.

THROWING LIGHT ON DARK PLACES

No State can endure this kind of thing beyond a certain point, and New Mexico has had a good deal more than her fair share of it. The time has passed with her, as with Montana, when private interests can juggle the machinery of State and National Governments unobserved.

The awakened people everywhere are creating their own organizations to watch legislation and defeat measures contrary to common justice, National policy, and State repute by revealing their true inwardness to busy Congresses and Legislatures. This machinery is humming now in New Mexico.

MORE INTERESTING HISTORY

Additional facts concerning the scheme to make All Year Park seem to be a State instead of a local enterprise throw an interesting light on the beginning of this very remarkable State-wide uprising. Last winter's general invitation to meet in convention for the selection of a National Park for New Mexico was too eloquent to work well; the northern delegates who traveled to the southern border to participate had high hopes of realizing a long-cherished dream of their State's honorable representation in the National Park System.

Las Cruces is an adobe city twenty miles from El Paso, Texas, by a good motor road, and so small that the steam-roller built for the convention loomed like a cathedral. The hundreds of shouting All Year delegates from near-by counties and El Paso filled the streets and hotels, smothering the northerners in noise and numbers. The exclusion of the Albuquerque and Santa Fé delegates from participation in the "convention" when they persisted in opposing All Year was the final insult. When these men returned home, local newspapers printed under scare heads their reports of what happened, and the El Paso newspapers retorted with scare-headed denials; whereupon the northern delegates swore out affidavits of the facts, and the northern newspapers printed these.

A BAD START, BUT WHAT OF IT?

This was a bad start. The "convention" meantime had organized the "Southwestern All Year National Park Association." The original bill was then prepared by lawyers in El Paso, and later rewritten. Its favorable report by committee and its enactment without debate by a small and weary session of the Senate followed.

Mr. Fall told the writer on July 19 last that no one could tell him anything about "Western sentiment;" but perhaps he can learn something from the resolutions, the protests, and the editorials written by men and women in his own State who also have lived all or most of their lives in the West.

II—"FROM HIM THAT HATH NOT"

BY WITTER BYNNER

TOMASITO BENAVIDES, a young Indian from the pueblo of Santo Domingo, New Mexico, stood recently before a Chinese painting of a hunt which hung in the Santa Fé Museum. After a quiet survey of the various figures, some of them horsemen, Tomasito turned and said: "There is much grass in China." And when I asked why he thought so, he explained: "Fat horses."

Over eight thousand Pueblo Indians live in New Mexico, scattered among their twenty adobe villages—their pueblos. While New Mexico was still old Mexico, each of these villages was the center of approximately a seventeen-thousand-acre patented land grant from the Spanish crown, a grant subsequently confirmed by the Mexican Republic. After this northern part of old Mexico became the Territory of New Mexico the American Government, in 1848, guaranteed to the Pueblo Indians the validity of all their land grants except the grant centering around the pueblo of Zuñi, which for some reason was not recognized. The Zuñis, a branch of the Pueblo tribe, are therefore living on a Government Reservation, like Indians in other States; but all the rest of the Pueblos, unlike Indians anywhere else in America, are living on land which belongs to them in their own legal right.

I have seen in Santo Domingo one of the canes which were presented by Abraham Lincoln to the various Pueblo governors when the Spanish and Mexican grants were made supposedly firm under American law. It seems, though, that a cane may be a solider thing than a scrap of paper. It seems that the American Government, in dealing with the Pueblo Indians, has cared very little about its word.

For three-quarters of a century the Pueblos have been asking that Washington keep its word and prevent the steady illegal encroachments upon their territory. So little has it mattered to Washington that there are to-day several whole towns of Americans on Indian land in New Mexico. Much of this old mischief cannot now be undone without grievous consequences, but new mischief can be obstructed and recent mischief remedied. A few Americans, acquainted

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with this dishonorable history, undertook a while ago in and near Santa Fé a public defense of the Pueblos, a defense which ought to have originated in Washington.

An Indian from San Juan, learning of the efforts of these citizens to bring about even a lame and belated justice, exclaimed, sincerely: "I did not know we had a single friend in New Mexico!"

The New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs consists, not only of New Mexicans, but of many now from outside the State who, like myself, have come into touch with the Pueblo Indians and by the threatened passage of the Bursum Indian Bill have been made to realize with a shock the ignominious cruelty of the American people toward its wards. Other societies have arisen East and West. The press has responded vigorously, and the public is waking up.

To the eye of a casual observer Indian territory looks large on the map—large enough, it would seem, for a vanishing race.

Let it be said at once that the Indians are not numerically a vanishing race. On the contrary, their number has increased during the last decade. Culturally they are being hard pressed. They dare to differ; they dare to ignore our mechanical standards; they dare to maintain customs and privacies we do not understand; they dare to be simple, to be natural, to be sincere, to be religious; they dare, in New Mexico, to find happiness under a communal system of landownership. And by all these offenses they have earned hitherto a passing glance from American tourists, a compassing glance from American capitalists, hostility from American hypocrites, contempt from American puppets, and, worse than all, deliberate betrayal or careless neglect from the expensive officials appointed to guide and to guard them.

Even culturally speaking the Pueblos might not be a vanishing race were it not for their vanishing land. Statistics are as dull as sermons, but briefer. Here, then, are a few, with chapter and verse.

First, a hint of what had already happened to Pueblo lands in New Mexico before the Senate passed the Bursum Indian Bill:

San Juan's 4,000 irrigable acres had been reduced by encroachments to 568, so that the total average cash income and value of product there per capita per annum for its 431 inhabitants is about $32. Contrary to general opinion, the only Governmental addition to this meager livelihood is the tutelage, board, lodging, and clothing of schoolchildren. It may be added that San Juan is better situated as regards land and water than any of the Northern Pueblos save Taos, and one of only two or three which have had enough, or nearly enough, water for their lands this season.

Tesuque struggles along on an average income of $16.68 for the year, with practically all its irrigation appropriated by non-Indians.

The average annual income per capita in San Ildefonso is $13.11! Of the 12,000 acres granted to the San Ildefonso Indians in 1680 there are about 1,250 productive acres. The Indians have been left of these only 248 acres. In all, outsiders hold 3,500 acres of the best cultivated and pasture lands belonging to the San Ildefonso Pueblo. Only a day or two ago I was welcomed into some of the new houses which these gentle and gifted people are being obliged to build outside their own town, relinquishing their beloved plaza and its great cottonwood tree to the invaders.

At Nambe only 280 acres of the 3,000 irrigable acres of Indian land are now held by Indians.

These various lands were lost to the Pueblos in various ways. Sometimes there were conflicting grants from Spanish or Mexican authorities or squatter claims antedating 1848; but oftenest trespass and theft came about more simply.

Let John Dixon, an Indian Judge at Cochiti, tell in his own way what happened to the people of his pueblo. "When the Navajos came here to fight and steal because they were hungry, my people took in Mexicans to help protect them. The Mexicans say, 'Let me have one little room for my wife and family.' Then, 'Compadre, could you not let me have a little lot for a little house?' 'All right, compadre, you build a little house.' All the Mexicans, they just came in that way—did not buy. Then he would move, and sell his land to some other Mexican. When the Republican party issued pamphlets in the State campaign, old Mexican women would come to have me read for them. I say to one old woman—and there was another old woman together with her—'What is it Republican party says? It says: Vote Republican, vote for Bursum Bill. Then all Mexican neighbors in a village like this, if they had a house, would get a title. Now, old women, you got a room here. You can vote for a title.'" This, in simple talk, indicates the process by which many of the claims have grown up, claims which even without color of title would have been confirmed by the Bursum Indian Bill.

It happens that the Pueblo Indian tracts are all owned by the community; different portions being devised by the pueblo authorities to different families for use, but not for individual ownership. It may at once be seen that no title transferred by an individual Indian has any legal validity except what might accrue to it through the harmless-appearing provisions of this bill.

As though there had not been enough depredation and deprivation already, consider what the Bursum Indian Bill proposed and might have accomplished but for the vigilance of a handful of private citizens.

The statute of limitations does not apply to the Indians, inasmuch as they are wards of the Government; but the Bursum Bill would make it apply and would remove in many cases the one safeguard which gives them a chance of protection. The Bursum Bill proposes granting the Indian lieu lands as "compensation" in place of lands which have been held for long periods by squatters with no other title than time. Surely it would be fair to give the lieu lands as compensation to the invaders rather than to the rightful owners. The invaders, moreover, would be likelier to receive in exchange usable land. It must be remembered that there is a vast difference in New Mexico between grazing land and lands which are irrigated or irrigable; also that most of the claims against Indian lands are against that smaller portion which can be made productive; and also that there are often no lieu lands adjacent to a pueblo. Finally, it must be remembered, in the words of Colonel R. E. Twitchell:

"Aggressions, encroachments, and other discriminating practices by settlers upon Indian lands, claiming title of one sort or another, have been in vogue for many years, principally since the American occupation period. . . . It is sufficient to say that such practices have been in evidence and the Indian has always been the losing party. . . . This should be stopped, and for all time. Trespasses have been the rule rather than the exception in the use and occupancy of their pasturage lands, and our local courts have yet to show, in my judgment, where the Indian has ever received a square deal. . . . Assaults have been committed by white men upon these Indians when seeking relief in the courts, and all sorts of charges, trumped up for the occasion, have been urged in justice of the peace courts, invariably resulting in the discomfiture and disadvantage of the Indian."

And now the Bursum Indian Bill would, in effect, make of the Federal Court of New Mexico a rubber stamp, requiring it to decree against the Indians the whole claims of all individuals or corporations in possession of land within a Pueblo grant, even "without color or title" for more than ten years prior to June 20, 1910, either in person or through their respective predecessors in claim of interest. The provisions are mandatory. The Indians are given no right to defend as to the extent of the claim or the basis of it, and can only defend upon the one question of possession. Remembering that possession of a portion of such a claim would, as a matter of law, extend constructively to the whole of it, one may readily see that the possession of an acre might be made the foundation of a claim to an indefinite tract. Denying the Indians the right to defend themselves against claims advanced without documentary basis of any character constitutes the principal evil of this provision.

It is further provided that, upon pre-

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senting to the Federal Court of New Mexico a valid grant from the Government of Spain or of Mexico, or a claim under any grant, act of confirmation, or patent of the United States of America, the claimant shall be entitled to a decree in his or its favor "for the whole of the land so claimed." Since all of such claims, if confirmed or patented, have been surveyed and their areas determined officially by the United States, the Court's decree must, under the provisions of the bill, follow such descriptions. There would be no defense available for the Indians. And as regards claims not confirmed by this Government, an almost unlimited opportunity is here afforded to rob the Indians of their rightful holdings. It has been conservatively estimated that the Indians would lose not fewer than sixty thousand acres by these provisions, without any opportunity to be heard in defense of their own titles, which are older in most instances both as to inception and concurrent possession, occupation, and use than the claims which would be validated against them by the bill.

Again, a survey which was made in 1914, 1915, and 1916 by the General Land Office to determine for the Indian Office and its legal staff the boundaries of all claims likely to be advanced against the Indians, legal or illegal, fraudulent or otherwise, would be rendered by the bill *prima facie* evidence against the Indians. The Government's original and proper intent to investigate and defeat illegal and fraudulent claims is manifested plainly by the certificate on each of the survey plats:

> The data shown on this plat are merely a portrayal of conditions existing on the ground at the time of survey in the field, without recognizing, establishing or admitting any right or occupancy, title or ownership, legal, equitable or otherwise, in any person or persons whose names may appear hereon in or to any of the lands covered hereby.

The iniquity of thus turning against the Indians an instrument originally intended as a means for their defense and protection is too obvious to need discussion.

Again, Section 7 alters the ordinary rules of evidence by providing that the boundaries and extent of claims advanced under the provisions of that section may be proved by secondary evidence, and the Federal Court is directed to accept such evidence.

Bearing in mind that water, wherever it has been applied to the land in New Mexico, becomes appurtenant to the land and part of it, one may see that by the confirmation of all the various sorts of land claims detailed in the bill the water rights appurtenant to those lands would go with them. Not satisfied with this, the bill further provides, in effect, that Indian water used by non-Indians four years prior to the passage of the act shall be lost to the Indians and become the property of the user thereof, notwithstanding the fact that a large percentage of such water has been diverted from the Indians by gradual misappropriation on the part of non-Indian settlers. To cap the climax, the bill provides, as to all water rights and questions involving present and future appropriations, that the Indian shall be subject to the jurisdiction of State tribunals and State laws; which means, if past experience is any such criterion for the future as indicated by Colonel Twitchell's statement above quoted, that the Indians' water rights, now reduced to a minimum, will fade in the near future into nothingness. Most of the foregoing results are cunningly masked under what appears an innocent provision in Section 10 that the laws of New Mexico would govern the appropriation and use of Indian waters for irrigation purposes.

The crowning iniquity, Section 16, would give mere squatters upon the land, with no claim other than occupation and cultivation at the date of the passage of the bill, the right to purchase the land so claimed upon application to the Federal Court, which would be constituted an appraisal tribunal to determine the value at which such a squatter might buy. The Indians could neither protest against such sale nor could they determine the value at which the land should be sold.

Paragraph E of Section 2 would, moreover, transfer from the Indian Office, where it rightfully belongs, jurisdiction over the internal affairs of the Indians to the United States Federal Court of New Mexico. This is a paragraph to which the Indians themselves profoundly object. And they have a right to be proud of their own wise and weathered system of government, which the Indian Office has let pretty well alone.

To sum up the land situation: If the Bursum Bill passes, Congress, having first determined that practically all claims against the Indians shall be confirmed regardless of origin, good faith, law, equity, and justice, and having conferred the necessary authority upon the Federal Court and directed it mandatorily to decree accordingly, calls upon the Court to execute what might as well have been executed by the bill itself, and with an avoidance of perfunctory but expensive litigation through the machinery of alleged justice.

Considering what has happened, what is happening, and what may happen, is it any wonder that a youth from Santo Domingo notices first of all in a Chinese painting of a hunt, not such points of likeness as bows and arrows and Indian features, but a point of difference—fat horses? The unspoken part of his comment meant a pathetic situation. From lack of pasturage, Indians are often obliged to sell their horses and cattle at a heavy loss or to let them starve.

Turning from pasturage to tillage, from horses to people, the situation is even more a scandal involving the Nation. It is not the State of New Mexico, but the American public which has the stewardship of these Indians.

Leave it to Congress, you say, leave it to the Indian Bureau, leave it to the Secretary of the Interior, and to the Indians themselves. It's their business.

If public affairs were ever ideally administered by unwatched individuals, you might be justified in leaving such duties to officials. But here is a case which stands clear and above mistake, Mr. Citizen, in its challenge to your individual conscience, and to the effect of that conscience upon your public representative. Fortunately, the case has been drawn into the light by private cupidity and by official carelessness. The Bursum Indian Bill is an ill wind blowing good. Its origin, its sponsorship, its history, its obvious iniquity, combine to force the general issue upon the citizenship of the country.

However ignorant you may be of the Pueblo Indians, however prejudiced against their religion or their society, you are a responsible unit of a Nation which, through your own hero, Abraham Lincoln, solemnly pledged itself to give them a square deal, but which has ignored and broken that pledge, and was lately on the verge of an act of downright treachery, sponsored by the very officials whose duty it is to make amends for years of criminal negligence.

Cases where land grants may have been made by a whole pueblo are in a class of their own and deserve recognition; and certain claimants who have held land for many years deserve special consideration.

Carefully balancing a just treatment of the Pueblo Indians and a just treatment of those who have honest claims against them, a bill has been prepared by disinterested experts and introduced in the upper house by Senator Jones, of New Mexico. Public understanding and support of the Jones Indian Bill is imperative, as against acceptance, in any amended form whatsoever, of the Bursum Indian Bill, which is tainted beyond disinfection, even as introduced by Representative Snyder in the House.

The Bursum Indian Bill may seem dead; but so may a snake that still can sting. For a long time the bill appeared harmless; and so may some other smoother bill, seeming harmless, slip through with its poison, unless you and your fellows, Mr. Citizen, take it upon yourselves to see once and for all that the rights of the Pueblo Indians are made secure.

Or are you of the brand of Christians who find a comfortable definition of Christianity in a material reading of a text from St. Matthew, twenty-fifth chapter, twenty-ninth verse: "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath"?

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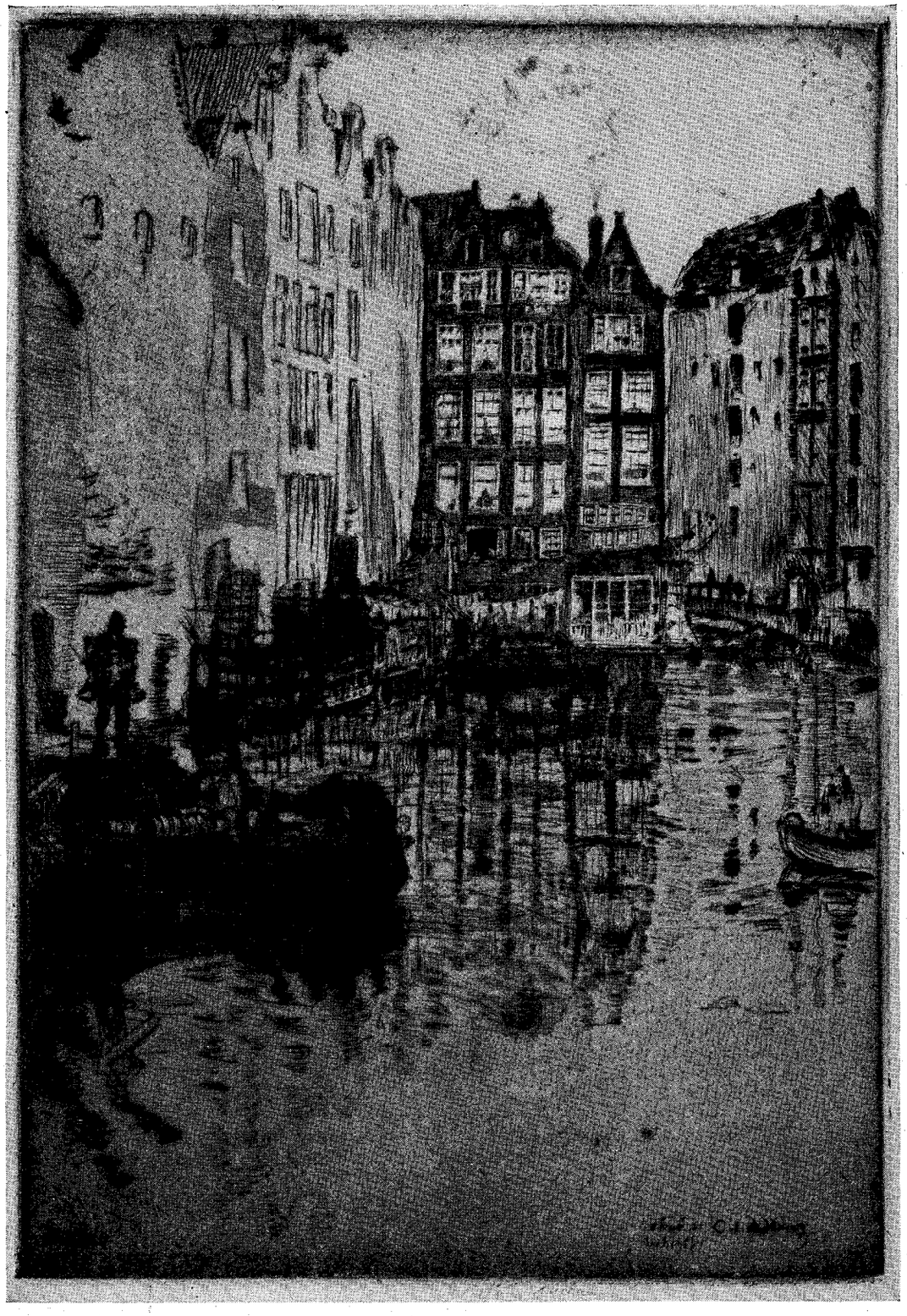

THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, AMSTERDAM—BY CLIFFORD ADDAMS

From the Exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers. This exhibition will be seen this winter and spring at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington; the School of Industrial Arts, Trenton, N. J.; the Art Museum of Toledo, Ohio;

CONTRASTING METHODS AND SUBJECTS

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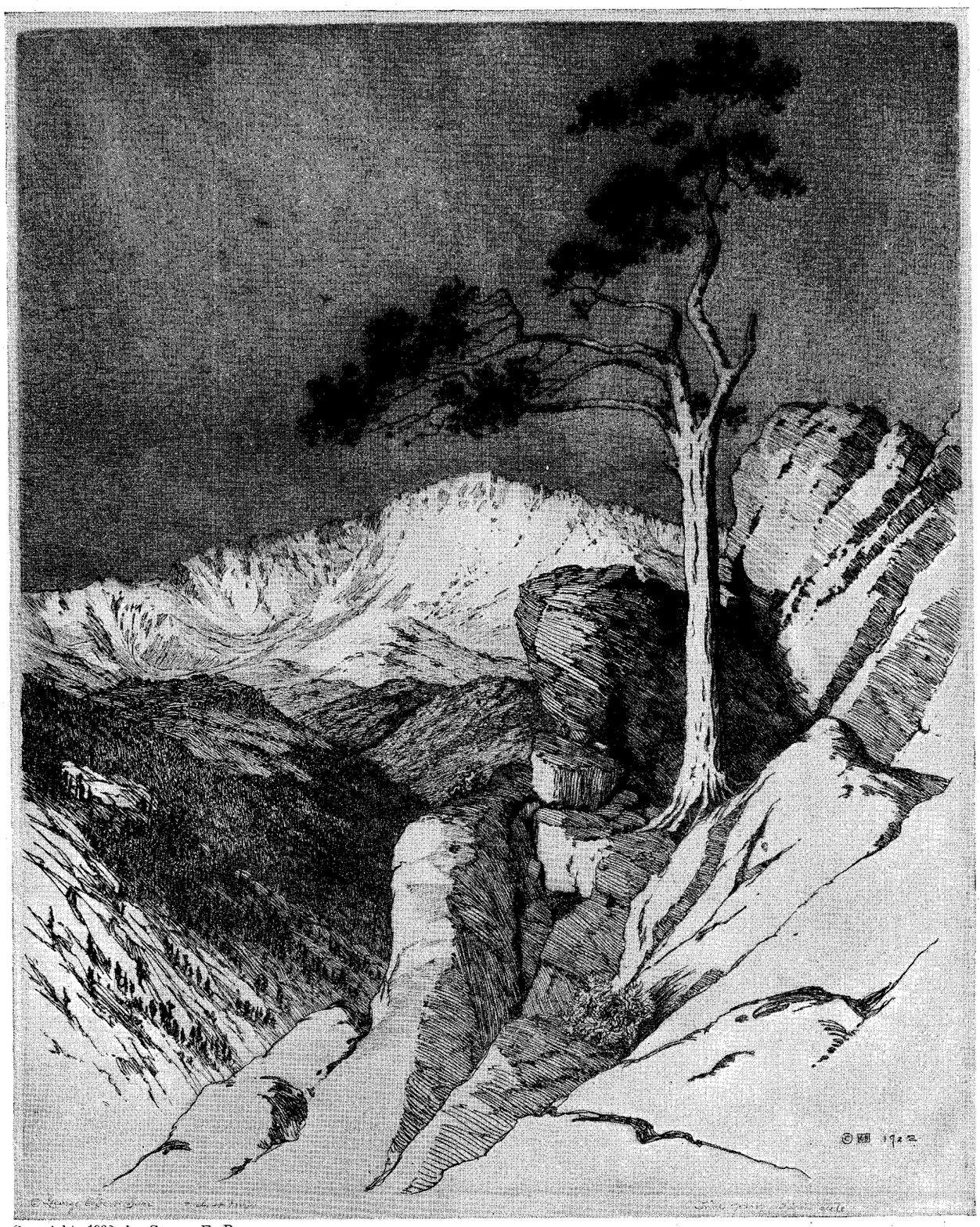

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PIKE'S PEAK—BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

the Print Club of Philadelphia; the Cleveland Art Museum, the Milwaukee Art Museum, and at the Public Library in Utica, New York. The exhibition includes representative work from etchers in all parts of the United States

OF MODERN AMERICAN ETCHERS

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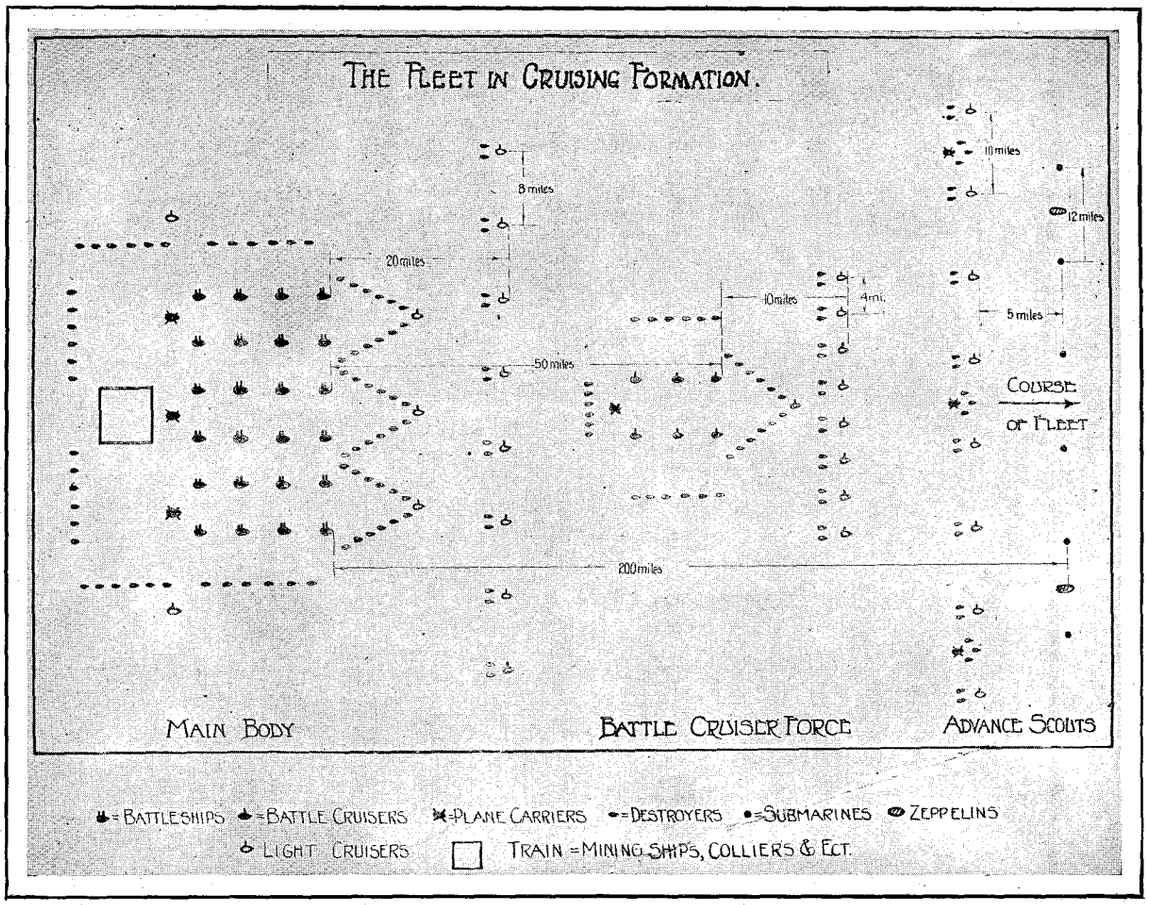

PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE THAT A CERTAIN NUMBER OF SHIPS CONSTITUTES A FLEET SHOULD STUDY THIS DIAGRAM AND THE ONE ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE. TO SWING FROM ONE COMPLICATED FORMATION—

NAVAL STRATEGY AS AFFECTED BY AIRCRAFT AND BATTLESHIPS

BY CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET, U. S. NAVY

IN preparing for any contest, whether between individuals or between nations, it is wise to make a thorough study of the whole situation. One should consider all possible moves that our opponent might make and from logical reasoning deduce his most probable move. Similarly, we should outline all courses open to us, and then accept the one which is most to our advantage.

It is revealing no secret to say that there is only one Power in Europe and one Power in Asia which have sufficiently strong fleets to threaten our coasts. A brief study of the naval strategy of campaigns in the Atlantic and in the Pacific will show us where to expect the enemy's battleships, in order that we may bomb them.

BOMBING ENEMY BATTLESHIPS IN THE ATLANTIC

If, unfortunately, we be drawn into a war with a European Power, we would either take the offensive and send our fleet out to meet the enemy, or wait at home for enemy ships to come to our coasts. If we sent our fleet across, it would be necessary to base in an Allied port in order that we might operate against the enemy. In this event, we could expect to meet the enemy's battleships off the European coast, and would have to bomb them in that locality. On the other hand, if the enemy's fleet came into the western Atlantic, it would be necessary for him to base his fleet to the northward of our New England coast or in the West Indies. Our fleet would be sent out to intercept the enemy and encounter his battleships well off the New England coast or to the eastward of the West Indies.

Obviously, we could not to-day bomb the enemy's battleships in these three locations from our shore landing-fields, even though we had hundreds of big bombing planes to defend the coast. We should be compelled to send up bombing planes from plane carriers. Let us, therefore, expedite the construction of all the plane carriers allowed us by the recent naval treaty. Bombing planes with 4,000 or even 2,000 pound bombs cannot operate from carriers. While it is well to look to the future, it is of vital necessity to be ready for a sudden and immediate war. We must not base our war plans upon visions of possible future aviation developments.

BOMBING BATTLESHIPS IN THE PACIFIC

No Asiatic Power would dare send battleships across the Pacific to bombard our California coast. Our battle fleet in the Hawaiian Islands would cut it off from home and destroy it. If, therefore, we ever bomb these enemy ships, it would be good strategy to take the offensive and cross the Pacific. In this event, we might expect to encounter enemy battleships in the western Pacific some 5,000 to 6,000 miles from San Francisco. Aviation enthusiasts tell us that

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thirty-six hours after the declaration of war our bombing planes can be assembled along the California coast. Of what use would they be with the enemy's battleships 5,000 miles away?

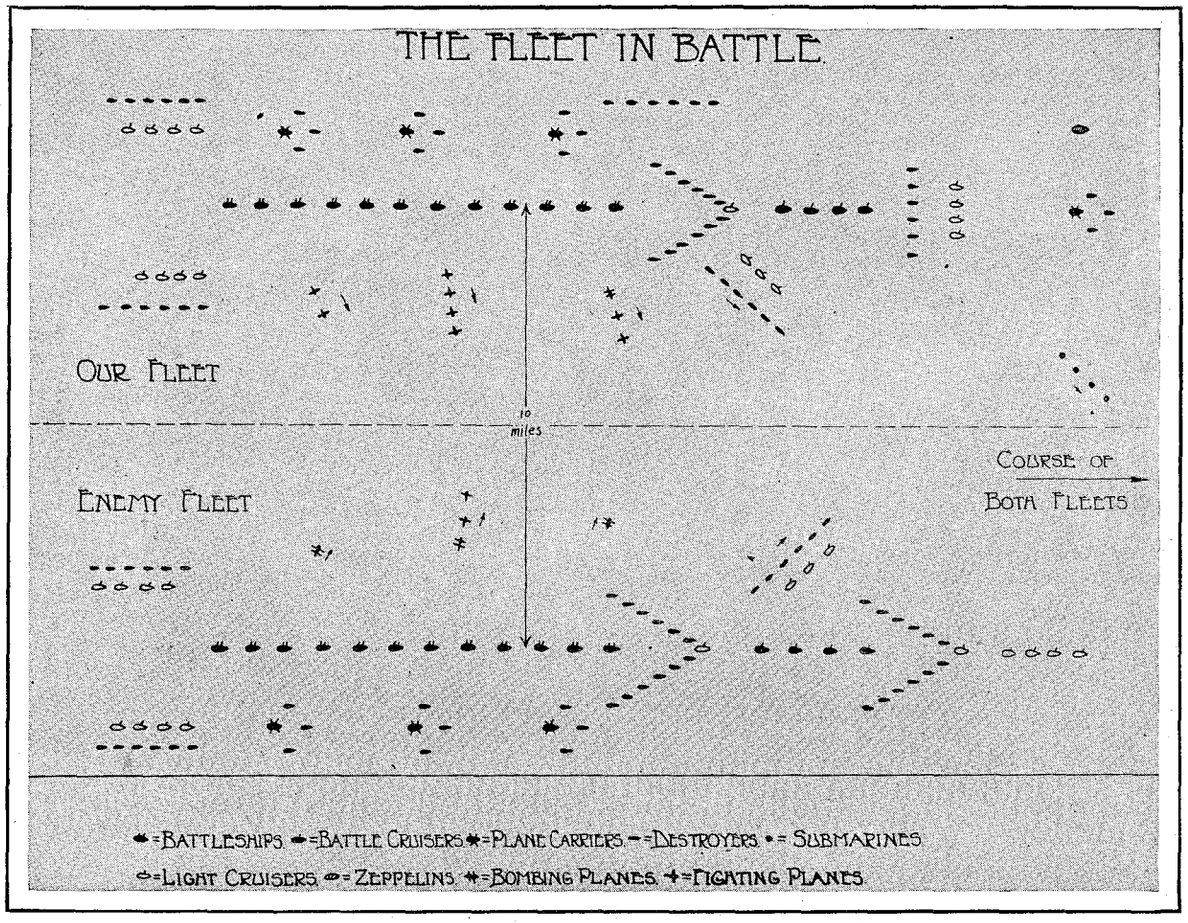
During the Parliamentary debates in the House of Commons on Tuesday, July 18, 1922, a member of the British Parliament made this interesting statement: "I have said that we are misled by the experiments which take place round our coast, and that is most dangerous, because such experiments within a radius of 100 miles around the coast are so misleading. I would ask the Committee to look at the map of the Pacific Ocean. If we were at war in the Pacific, the probability is that we should be working our capital ships, supposing they were out there, from a base somewhere in the neighborhood of Admiralty Island, northeast of New Guinea, 2,000 miles from Sydney, 2,100 miles from Yokohama, 3,000 miles from Singapore, and 3,000 miles from Honolulu—right in the middle of the trade routes. Think of these distances. Of course there is no aircraft that could cover them "on their own," although I hope there will be some day. They will till then have to be conveyed in carriers which are part of the Admiral's Fleet, and any one in them should be immediately under the Admiral's control, and not under the control of any other department. It is a ridiculous system to have branches of two different services on board a ship used by the navy for purely maritime warfare."

The member of Parliament referred to the fact that in Great Britain, with a United Air Service, some of its personnel on a British plane carrier is under the Admiralty and some under the Air Minister—obviously a ridiculous arrangement. This insight into British naval strategy shows that they too expect battleships to operate thousands of miles from home. It seems clear that the bombing of battleships in a naval campaign must be done by bombers flown from plane carriers and from other fighting ships.

BATTLESHIPS DO NOT BOMBARD COASTS

Many have questioned the value of British battleships during the Great War, as they remained much of the time at Scapa Flow. The great British battleship fleet represented tremendous power; so much so that its mere existence forced the Germans to withdraw from the high seas their whole fighting fleet (except submarines) and their merchant marine. Only a few raiders dared to take the sea, and these were soon run down. Of what use were the German battleships? This is easily answered. The fact that the German battleship fleet was held ready in port forced the British to keep their battleship fleet in readiness at Scapa Flow. Furthermore, the German submarine menace compelled the British to hold some 60 to 70 destroyers with their battleship fleet, that they might be ready to protect the battleships should these be suddenly called out. But for the German battleships, these 60 or 70 British destroyers could have been released and sent to the submarine zone. The existence of German battleships, therefore, prevented a big force of British destroyers from attacking German submarines.

The German Admiral never bombarded the British coast with battleships. Occasionally he sent a few fast cruisers in for the strategic purpose of drawing out British ships. If the British ships came out, he could attack them with his battleships and destroy them. When the German Admiral, von Scheer, raided the English coast on August 20, 1916, a German Zeppelin, L–13, discovered a British naval force and reported its location. Bad weather drove the Zeppelin away, but von Scheer continued to look for the British force. He could not find his enemy, and thought it probable that the aviator had not given him its correct position. This brings out the point that aviators in naval scouting aircraft must be skilled navigators in order to report the exact latitude and longitude of any ship sighted. They must


THE FLEET IN BATTLE
OUR FLEET
10 miles
ENEMY FLEET
COURSE OF BOTH FLEETS
=BATTLESHIPS =BATTLE CRUISERS =PLANE CARRIERS =DESTROYERS = SUBMARINES
=LIGHT CRUISERS =ZEPPELINS =BOMBING PLANES =FIGHTING PLANES

—TO ANOTHER REQUIRES NOT ONLY SEAMANSHIP OF THE HIGHEST ORDER BUT ALSO PROLONGED TRAINING

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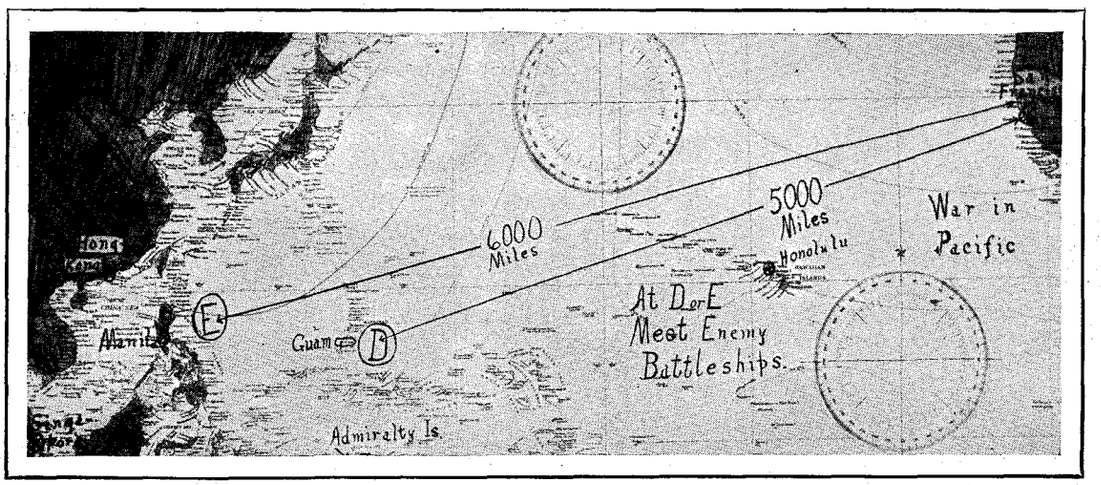


ON THIS MAP AND ON THE COVER ILLUSTRATION OF THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK THE CHIEF STRATEGIC POINTS IN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC ARE INDICATED. WITHIN THE AREAS MARKED BY THE CIRCLES WOULD PROBABLY BE FOUND THE POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN HOSTILE FLEETS

also thoroughly understand naval strategy, fleet tactics, and fleet scouting in order to work in harmony with the rest of the fleet. This points to the absolute necessity of a naval air force.

AIRCRAFT AFFECTED BY BAD WEATHER

A glance at the naval pilot chart for July shows that there was fifty per cent of fog off the New England coast. This means that an enemy's fleet could raid the harbor of Boston fifty per cent of the time during July, when the aviators would be unable to fly in the fog and bomb an approaching fleet. A fleet can come in safely by taking soundings. It would not be wise, therefore, to depend entirely upon bombing planes for the protection of Boston. Mines and submarines are a much surer defense, for they are effective at all times.

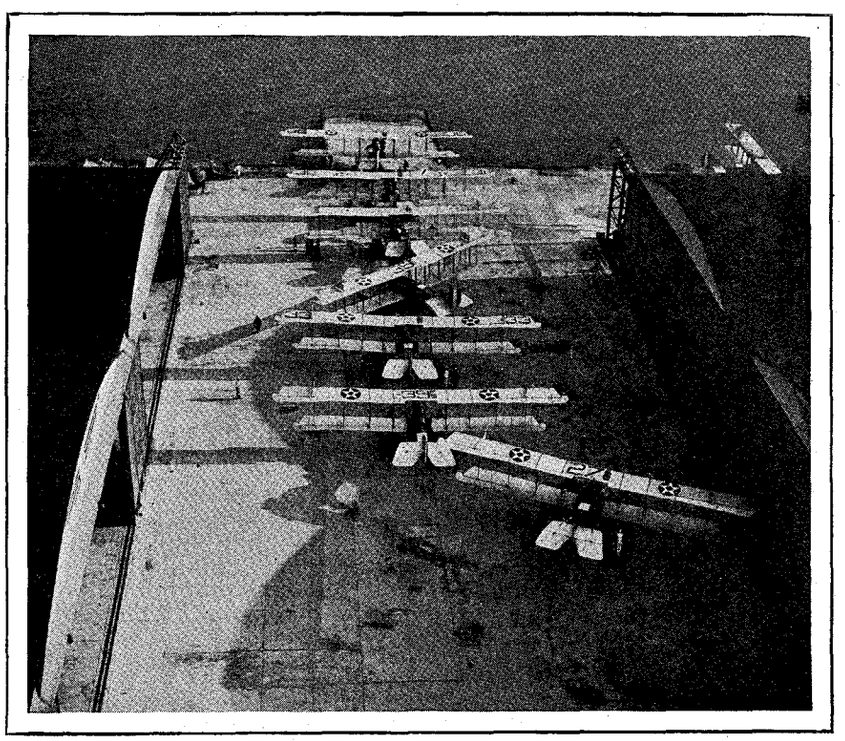
When the German Admiral von Scheer was ready to take his fleet out to engage in the battle of Jutland, he had planned on using his aviators to scout for him. On May 23 the weather was too foggy for the aviators to go up and scout. This same situation continued for eight days. Reluctantly von Scheer was forced to change his plan of crossing the North Sea to England, and he cruised up on the German side instead. On the day of the battle of Jutland, May 31, five Zeppelins did go up, but because of foggy and misty weather they were unable to locate the fleets in battle. We must have plane carriers and all the bombing, scouting, and fighting planes necessary to make a complete and well-balanced fleet. We must expect to encounter foggy weather, when aircraft cannot be used, and lay our strategic plans accordingly.

AIR FLEET COSTLY

Many have jumped to the conclusion that because airplanes can be built for $40,000, while it takes some $40,000,000 to build a battleship, aviation is very cheap. Already the United Air Force in Great Britain is accused of spending more for bricks and mortar than for aircraft. It costs many millions to build big flying-fields, hangars, runways for launching seaplanes into the water, hydrogen plants, helium plants, barracks for the aviators, shops for repairing the planes, etc., etc. Moreover, this $40,000 plane may not last a year, while a battleship may be useful for twenty. To bomb the enemy's battleships we must have big, fast carriers, and these, equipped with planes, cost nearly as much as battleships. There is no short cut to victory. A new weapon does but add increased expense.

NAVAL STRATEGY NEVER CHANGES

Two thousand years ago a great Athenian fleet of galleys started out to conquer Sicily. A notable Sicilian leader advocated sending a Sicilian fleet out to attack the enemy's forces off the Italian coast. His ideas of naval strategy were sound, but he was overruled. The Athenian fleet came, blockaded the coast, besieged the people, and much suffering followed. This could have been avoided had a fleet been sent



NAVAL AIR STATION AT HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA

The hangars and runway cost $200,000 (two triple hangars to take a total of sixty torpedo planes). The cost did not include land, heating, lighting, and power plants, repair shops, barracks, etc.

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out to attack the enemy on the high seas.

During the recent war we despatched battleships to the North Sea, destroyers to Queenstown, Brest, and Gibraltar, submarine chasers into the Adriatic, and submarines to the Irish coast to "seek and destroy the enemy." During the Spanish War we sent a fleet to the Philippines and one to the West Indies to "seek and destroy the enemy." In future wars we should immediately take the offensive and start out a well-balanced fleet, one composed of plane carriers, cruising submarines, mine-laying submarines, destroyers, light cruisers, and battleships, with all the necessary auxiliaries, to sweep the enemy from the high seas.

At the battle of Jutland the light cruisers in the advanced scouting line met and opened fire at 2:38 P.M. This started the battle. At 3:45 the battle-cruisers commenced firing. At 4:30 opposing destroyers endeavored to attack enemy battle-cruisers, but in reality they met each other, and this neutralized the destroyer attack. After four hours of fighting between these subsidiary forces, the battleships met. The British had the superior battleship fleet. The Germans were forced to withdraw and the British maintained their control of the sea. In future naval engagements the plane carriers will doubtless clash first. As soon as their planes have been expended, the carriers will be forced to seek refuge behind the battleships. The plane carriers are very vulnerable. Light bombs dropped on their flying decks would ruin them for service. They must be guarded carefully by destroyers and cruisers, and when all planes are expended take refuge behind the battleships. It is therefore clear that planes and carriers cannot replace battleships. The destroyers and mine-sweepers will guard the battleships against submarines and mines throughout the battle.

Those who advocate a policy of "stay at home behind the bombing plane" do not realize that if we followed such a mistaken course our merchant marine would be wiped from the seas. Our huge export trade, valued at eight billion dollars annually, would instantly be stopped. Our colonies in the Virgin Islands, Porto Rico, Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Guam, and the Philippines, and possibly the Canal Zone and Alaska, might be taken from us. While we were safely at home behind the bombing planes, the war would be lost. An enemy's battleship might never come within 2,000 miles of our coast.

Let us, therefore, follow the teachings of good naval strategy, and adhere to our old policy of "seek and destroy the enemy." Surely America will never be willing to take the defensive, to adopt a pusillanimous course and be content to "stay at home behind the bombing plane."

AN APPRENTICE COMES TO PHILADELPHIA

BY RENÉ BACHE

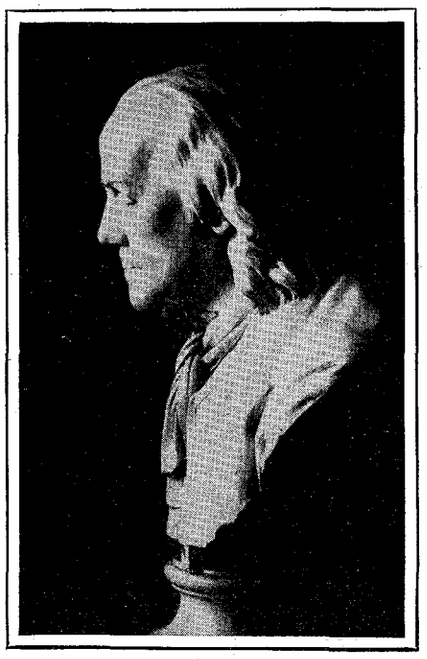
THE city of Philadelphia this year is going to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the first arrival there of its most famous citizen, Benjamin Franklin.

It is unfortunate that the house Franklin built and in which he lived, on Market Street, was torn down more than a century ago. Were it standing to-day, it would be regarded by patriotic Americans as a shrine, and there would attach to it a particular interest because of its relation to the philosopher in his personal and domestic aspect.

Franklin's father, whose name was Josiah, had seventeen children, ten of them by a second wife, Abiah Folger, who came from Nantucket. Benjamin was youngest of the ten, save two. He was born January 17, 1706 (new style), in a house on Milk Street, in Boston, opposite the Old South Meeting-House.

Josiah was by trade a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, and the boy, as soon as he was old enough, helped to cut wicks, fill dipping molds, etc. His first ambition was to go to sea, but his father intended him for the Church, as a "tithe" of his sons. As things fell out, however, he was apprenticed at twelve years of age to his elder half-brother James, who "bossed" him unmercifully, beat him occasionally, and made circumstances so discouraging that, finally, having made up his mind to endure no more, Benjamin stole away from Boston, taking passage on a sloop bound for New York. To get the requisite passage money he sold his books.

Having arrived in New York, he could find no immediate employment, and was advised by a master printer to whom he had applied for a job to try his luck in Philadelphia. Thus it came about that



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The Houdon bust, made from a life-mask of the philosopher

after an adventurous journey—fifty miles of it on foot, and the last stage (from Burlington) in a boat which he helped to row—Franklin reached the Quaker City on a Sunday morning in October, 1723, between eight and nine o'clock.

He was then seventeen years old. Landing at the Market Street wharf, he walked up that street as far as Fourth, his pockets (as he has written) "stuffed out with shirts and stockings." He was dirty and hungry; he knew nobody, and in his pocket he had one Dutch dollar and a few pennies.

To assuage his hunger he had bought at a baker's shop "three great puffy rolls" for a penny apiece, and as he walked up the street he munched one of them, holding the others under his arms.

Oddly enough, while on his way to Fourth Street he saw his future wife, Deborah Read, standing on her doorstep, and also passed the place where his home of later years was destined to be located. She was a young girl, a few months older than himself, and, as it would seem, he attracted her eye. "Saw me," says the philosopher in his Autobiography, "and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance."

Not long afterwards, having got some odd jobbing work to do at the printing trade, Franklin obtained lodging at the Reads' house. A chest containing his clothing and other belongings had been forwarded in the meantime from New York, and he was able to make himself much more presentable. Between himself and Miss Read there developed a love affair; but her mother did not think her old enough to be married, and, though they were engaged, she did not become his wife until some years later, after he had spent eighteen months in England.

The couple had two children—Sarah (called Sally), who married an Englishman, Richard Bache, and a boy, Francis, who died at five years of age. Like most other folks, they changed the location of their domestic establishment more than once as years went by—Franklin, doubtless speaking from experience, said that three moves were equal to a fire—and it was not until 1764 that he built the

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house which was the family home during the rest of his life, on the south side of Market Street, between Third and Fourth Streets. To speak more accurately, he planned it before he went for the second time to England, and it was built by his wife during his absence. After his final return to Philadelphia, in 1785, he added a library to it, which was his own particular "den" and snuggery.

The house stood on a patch of land which ran through from Market Street nearly to Chestnut Street, and in front of it was a fairly spacious garden, with a great mulberry tree, under which the sage in his later years delighted to sit in warm weather, receiving his friends and drinking with them a cup of tea. He had acquired this habit of sitting outdoors during his long residence in Paris.

There was also a vegetable patch, which, it seems, was eventually wiped out; for Dr. Franklin wrote in May, 1786: "Considering our well-furnished and plentiful market as the best of gardens, I am turning mine into grass-plots and gravel walks." The market to which he refers was a wooden shedlike structure extending along the middle of Market Street for several blocks, and endured, in a shabby and much-decayed condition, up to within fifty years ago.

In the fall of 1765 the house was being furnished and made habitable by Mrs. Franklin, who wrote to her husband: "Now for the room we call yours. There is in it your desk, the harmonica, the boxes of glass for musick and for the electricity, and all your clothes and pictures. Sally has the south room, two pairs of stairs. The blue room has the harpsichord in it, a card table, a set of china I bought since you went from home, the worked chairs and screen, a very handsome mahogany stand for a teakettle to stand on, and the ornamental china. In the room downstairs is the sideboard that you bespoke, with two tables made to suit it, and a dozen of chairs also. In the little south room is a pretty card table, and ornamental china over the fireplace; on the floor a carpet I bought cheap for the goodness; it is not quite new. In the parlor is a Scotch carpet, and your timepiece stands in one corner. I desire you to remember drinking glasses, and a large tablecloth or two, when you come. If you should meet with a pair of silver canisters, I should like it."

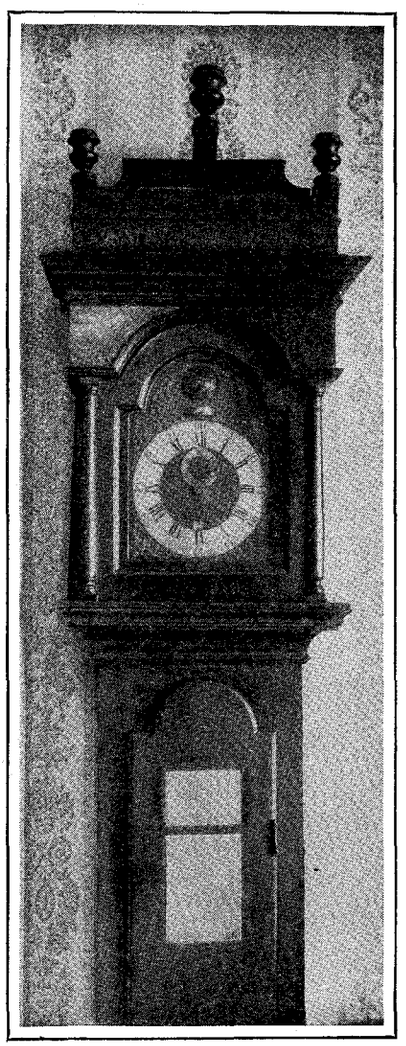
The above description suggests a good deal of what might be termed luxury for those days. At that period carpets to cover the floor (not mere strips) were found only in the dwellings of well-to-do people. Mrs. Franklin owned a dozen three-tined steel forks, which were an exceptionally elegant feature of table furniture. The "timepiece" to which she refers was a handsome "grandfather" clock, which is now the property of the writer.

It will be a surprise to most readers of this little sketch to learn that Franklin spent twenty-six years of his life in Europe. He was abroad from 1764 to 1775 at one stretch, and again from 1776 to 1785. Thus it was not until near the end of his life that he was able to take up a permanent residence in the house on Market Street.

During the many years of his residence in England and France his wife and daughter sent him frequent commissions to do shopping for them. Thus in the autumn of 1765 Mrs. Franklin sent her daughter Sally's white satin dress to be dyed and renovated; and, at their request, he purchased for them numerous articles which at the time were not easily obtained on this side of the water.

Sally, writing to him in London, says: "I am going to ask my Papa for some things I can't get here. Some gloves, both white and mourning, the last to be the largest. I have sent one that fits me best, but that must be a straw's breadth bigger in the arm, for I never had a pair in my life that fitted me there. Some lavender, from Smyth, in Old Bond Street, and some toothpowder from Green and Rutles, in Ludgate Street."

In the fall of 1779 (Philadelphia having been evacuated by the British) she writes: "The depreciation of money has been amazing lately, so that home will be the place for me this winter, as I cannot get a common winter cloak and hat under 200 pounds. As for gauze, now it is fifty dollars a yard. I should think it not only a shame but a sin to buy it if I had millions."



FRANKLIN'S CLOCK

Again, in January, 1779, Sally writes: "I have lately been several times invited abroad with General and Mrs. Washington"—who, by the way, lived on the next block of Market Street. "He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner. We danced at Mrs. Powell's your birthday night, I should say in company together, and he told me that it was the anniversary of his marriage. It was just twenty years that night."

Franklin was a strongly built and muscular man, but after middle age his health was not good. In his letters to kinsfolk he speaks repeatedly of his poor health. In fact, after fifty years of age he was to a considerable extent an invalid. Gout caused him a great deal of suffering, and at sixty-three he wrote of himself as a very old man.

In 1772—his age being then sixty-six years—in a letter to his illegitimate son William Franklin, Governor of the Province of New Jersey, he speaks of the great consideration shown him abroad; that is to say, in England, where at that time he represented four of the colonies. He says: "I seldom dine at home in winter, and could spend the whole summer in country houses of inviting friends, if I chose. Learned and ingenious foreigners that come to England almost all make a point of visiting me. Several of the foreign ambassadors have assiduously cultivated my acquaintance. . . . These are flattering circumstances, but a violent longing for home sometimes seizes me. I have some important affairs to settle at home, and, considering my double expenses here and there, I hardly think my salaries fully compensate the disadvantages."

Owing to a mistaken notion which gained currency in this country that Franklin had promoted the passage of the Stamp Act in Parliament—whereas, as a matter of fact, he had vehemently opposed it—much popular feeling was aroused against him in his absence, and a mob was actually organized in Philadelphia for the purpose of pillaging and perhaps demolishing his house. Learning of the threatened attack, friends brought muskets and gunpowder to the house, which, though the mistress thereof insisted that she was not frightened, was duly prepared for a siege. The affair, however, came to nothing and the alarm passed.

Under date of January 12, 1777, Franklin, then American Commissioner to France, wrote to his friend Mrs. Hewson (in London): "Figure to yourself an old man with gray hair appearing under a marten cap among the powdered heads of Paris. It is this odd figure that salutes you. I have with me here my young grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, a special good boy. I shall give

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FRANKLIN IN HIS GARDEN

From a painting by Henry Bacon, exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1876–7, and now owned by Mr. W. B. Thomas, of Boston

him a little French language and address, and then send him over to pay his respects to Miss Hewson."

The philosopher was a great believer in early marriages, and he had made up his mind that it would be a first-rate idea for Benny, as he called him, to become, when he should be old enough, the husband of Mrs. Hewson's young daughter Elizabeth. Mrs. Hewson was agreeably disposed in the matter, but the match was not eventually accomplished.

In 1785 Franklin returned to what he called "dear Philadelphia," and took up his residence in the Market Street house. He wrote to Mrs. Jay: "I am now in the bosom of my family, and find four new little prattlers, who cling about the knees of their grandpapa and afford me great pleasure."

Much as he was accustomed to preach of economy and the advantages of saving, Franklin was an extremely generous man. During the last years of his life he dispensed a lavish hospitality, and frequently as many as twenty-five or thirty people were gathered about his table. He was accustomed to entertain every distinguished stranger who came to Philadelphia, being himself, as it might be said, one of the sights of the city.

Manasseh Cutler, who went to see him at the Market Street house in 1787, wrote: "We found him in his garden, sitting under a very large mulberry. There was no curiosity I felt so anxious to see as this great man. But a man who stood first in the literary world, and had spent so many years in the courts of kings, I conceived, would not be of very easy access, and must certainly have much of the air and grandeur of majesty about him. Common folks must expect to gaze at him from a distance and answer such questions as he might choose to ask. But how were my ideas changed when I saw a short, fat old man, in a plain Quaker dress, bald pate and short white locks, sitting without his hat under a tree, who rose from his chair, took me by the hand, expressed his joy to see me, and begged me to seat myself close to him. . . . The tea table was spread under the tree, and Mrs. Bache, the only daughter of the doctor, served it out to the company. She had three of her children about her, over whom she had no kind of command, but who appeared to be excessively fond of their grandpapa."

Franklin, if he were alive to-day, would be called a Unitarian. While a freethinker, he was exceedingly religious, having firm faith in an overruling Providence and in the immortality of the soul. These beliefs he put on record in many of his writings.

Franklin's wife had died in 1774. His daughter, Sally, thereafter kept the Market Street house for him, and she, with her husband and children, lived there up to the time of his death and for a number of years afterwards.

One day, in descending into his garden, the philosopher stumbled and fell heavily upon the doorstep. The accident, serious to so old a man, precipitated a long and fatal illness. Often the pain he suffered was so intense that he was obliged to take large doses of laudanum. In the intervals of the paroxysms, however, he conversed cheerfully with friends and read a good deal. A few days before he died he rose from his bed and asked that it be made up for him, so that he might "die in a decent manner."

The epitaph he wrote for his own tombstone was one of the most remarkable pieces of literature he ever produced. It read:

The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin,
Printer,
(Like the Cover of an Old Book, its
Contents Torn Out, and Stript of its
Lettering and Gilding)
Lies Here, Food for Worms.
But the Work Shall Not Be Lost,
For it Will (as he Believed) Appear
Once More in a New and More
Elegant Edition,
Revised and Corrected
by
The Author

Franklin died in 1790, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The house he had built and occupied on Market Street was torn down in 1812. He left a handsome estate.

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THE IDEAS OF M. BRODARD

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

WHEN I was a little girl in a boarding-school on the rue Vaugirard, in Paris, the Brodard sisters were the mainstay of my life. It was not that I needed mainstaying in any of the regular classes, although we were driven like dogs by the grindingly thorough teachers. But lessons are lessons wherever you find them, hard and tense though they may be in France, easy and loose in America. It was quite another part of our school life which routed me—the training in deportment and manners carried on in three deadly sessions a week by a wizened, skipping old man, light and dry as a cork.

His little juiceless body was light, but everything else about him was heavy with the somber earnestness of his determination to teach us what he considered the manners of women of the world. Thrice a week we were obliged to begin those lessons by a ceremonious entry into the big *salon*, four by four, advancing in time to music across the bare, shining desert of its waxed floors, counting furtively under our breaths, "One, two, three, four, glide, bend, recover, glide," as we courtesied to the *directrice;* advance again, "One, two three, four, glide, bend, recover, glide," saluting the *sous-directrice;* advance again (I was always shaking, partly with giggles at the absurdity of the whole business, partly with fear of the terrible eye of Professor Médart), "One, two, three, four, glide, bend . . ." but usually at this point of my attempted bow to the Professor of Deportment I was harshly told to go back to the door and start the whole agonizing ritual over again.

This was before the Brodard girls took me in hand and, flanking me on either side, swept me forward on the crest of their perfect advance and genuflections to the coveted place of safety on the other side of the room, where, in a black-robed line, the little girls who had made a correct entry awaited further instructions in the manners of the world.

The support of the three Brodard girls did not stop short when they had engineered me through the matter of getting into a room. The professor himself was not more steeped in a religious sense of the importance of his instruction than were Madeleine, Lucie, and Clotilde Brodard. The insensate inner laughter which constantly threatened to shake the lid of my decorum was safely muffled by their whole-souled attention as we stood there, watching the elegant gestures and still more elegant immobilities of Professor Médart as he explained the lesson of the day.

One day we were taught how to put money into the contribution-box in church, "not with a preoccupied, bored air, nor yet with a complacent smirk, but thus, gravely, with a quiet, dignified gesture." Then he would pass the velvet contribution-bag down the line, and forty little girls must each find the right expression, "not bored or preoccupied, nor yet with a complacent, self-conscious look, gravely, quietly, with dignity." I can still feel in the pit of my stomach the quiver of mingled terror and mirth with which, at twelve years of age, I prepared to be, "not bored or preoccupied, nor yet smirking and complacent, but quiet, dignified." I would never have lived through it if I had not been hypnotized by the Brodard girls.

Or perhaps we were required to be ladies stepping from a carriage and crossing a sidewalk to enter a theater, keenly conscious of the eyes of the crowd on us; but required to seem unaware of spectators, "graceful, moving with a well-bred repose, and, above all, unconscious—entirely natural and unconscious." Then, two by two, squirmingly the center of all the eyes in the *salon*, we crossed the imaginary sidewalk and entered the imaginary door, "quiet, graceful, above all, unconscious—entirely natural and unconscious." Do you suppose for a moment I could have escaped annihilation at the hands of our high priest if Clotilde Brodard had not been my fellow-acolyte, applying all her orthodox convictions to the problem set before us?

Yes, the Brodard girls were an example to us all in and out of the class in deportment, for they were as scrupulously observant of all the rules of good behavior in daily school life as under the eye of Professor Médart. Any chance observer would have been sure that they were preparing to enter the wealthiest and most exclusive society, an impression by no means contradicted by the aspect of their mother, a quiet, distinguished, tailored person, who brought them to school at the beginning of the term and once in a while made the tiresome trip in from Morvilliers to Paris to see them. But the Brodards must have had some training in genuine good breeding as well as the quaint instruction given by Professor Médart, for they never made any pretensions to wealth or social standing, although they said very little of any sort about their home life.

Two years later I went to spend my Christmas vacation with them, and at once I understood a good deal more about them. Young as I was, fourteen at that time, it was plain to me, as it would have been to any observer, that they took their lessons in "society manners" so seriously because society manners and any occasions for using them were the only things lacking in the home, where they were so comfortable, so much loved, and so well cared for. They lived on a shabby street in Morvilliers, in a small apartment, with one maid-of-all-work; and, although their mother had a genius for keeping everything on a plane of strict gentility, their big, gay, roughly clad, unceremonious father was the ramping red editor of the most ramping red radical newspaper in that part of France, the center of all the anti-everything agitations going on in the region.

As used to happen in Europe in the far-gone days when I was fourteen years old (but not at all as it happens nowadays), what they called ramping and redness looked very plain and obvious to an American, and most of what M. Brodard was making such a fuss about seemed to me just what everybody at home took for granted; for instance, his thesis that every man ought to earn his own living, no matter how high his social position might be. The idea that anybody considered *that* revolutionary astonished me. Among other things, M. Brodard was what people would call nowadays a feminist, expounding, as though it were a new idea, his conviction that women should be trusted with the responsibility of the conduct of their own lives and the earning of their own living. These opinions found no echo at all in the serious-minded middle-class families of his town, nor indeed in his own family, but they were an old story to me. I told him as much, informing him, confidently from my wide experience as a child in the impecunious faculty of a Western State university, that everybody in America expected as a matter of course to earn his *and* her own living—everybody! He accepted this as unquestioningly as I advanced it, with the fresh faith and enthusiasm which upheld him in all the generous quixotism of his life. I believe, indeed, that on the strength of my testimony he actually wrote some editorials about it in his furiously convinced style.

Of course he was the champion of the working classes as against the *bourgeoisie*, adored by the first and hated by the second. It was an adventure to walk with him along the narrow cobbled streets of the musty little town. Everywhere the lean, sinewy men in working clothes and the thin women in aprons and without hats had a quick, flashing look of pleasure to see his great frame come striding vigorously along. Everywhere the artisans stopped their work to call a hearty greeting to him, or to step quickly to meet him, full of some grievance, sure of his sympathy and comforted by the quick flame of his indignation. And everywhere the very sight of him put a taste of green apples into the mouths of all the well-dressed

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people. You could see that by the sour expression on their broad, florid faces. The prosperous merchant at the door of his shop frowned, cleared his throat, and turned hastily within doors as he saw M. Brodard come marching along, humming a tune, his hat cocked light-heartedly over one ear. The lawyer in his black broadcloth coat passed us hurriedly; the women in expensive furs stepped high, drew their long skirts about them, and looked him straight in the eye, with an expression half fear, half horror. This last always made him break out into the hearty, full-throated laugh which was always close to the surface with him, as characteristic a part of him as the shape of his nose.

I understood now why Mme. Brodard sent the girls away to school. They would have been outcasts in any *bourgeoise* school in their own town. Yet M. Brodard was a great champion of the public schools, and never lost an opportunity of defending against its bitter critics the public *lycée* for girls, then just struggling into being in France. I wondered a little that he should allow his daughters to go to such a boarding-school as ours. But it seemed that the angry resistance of the moneyed and pious families of Morvilliers had, so far, prevented the establishment of a public *lycée* for girls there. This enabled Mme. Brodard to steer past another dangerous headland in the complicated course of her life and to avoid another reef. Perhaps also warm-hearted M. Brodard was not inclined to be too hard on his girls, whom he fondly loved, after the adoring manner of French fathers, nor to exact too much from his devoted wife in the way of conforming to his ideas.

Even at that, poor Mme. Brodard's life was all one miracle of adroit achievement in reconciling irreconcilable elements and effecting impossible compromises. She had married her husband when they were both young (he must have been an irresistible suitor), and before his hot-headed sympathies for the under dog had absorbed him; and, like a good and devoted French wife, she never admitted that anything her Bernard did was other than what she would wish. But she remained exactly what she had been at the time of her marriage, and, although she was deeply attached to her kind and faithful husband, and made the best of homes for him, she had not the slightest intention of changing a hair or becoming anything but a good *bourgeoise*, a devoted believer in social distinctions, in the Church, in the laboring classes as such and in their place, and, above all, in the excellence of owning property and inheriting money.

For on this point M. Brodard went much further than anything I had heard discussed at home, and poured out incessantly in brilliant editorjals a torrent of scorn, laughter, hatred, and denunciation upon the sacred institution of inheritance, the very keystone of the French social edifice. "How ridiculous," he used to write on mornings when no other forlorn hope stood in special need of a harebrained charge, "that the mere chance of birth, or a personal caprice, should put vast sums of unearned wealth into the hands of a man who has not had the slightest connection with its production! Property, the amassing of wealth by a man who has had the acumen and force to produce it—we may have two opinions about that, about whether he should be allowed to keep for himself all he can lay his hands on. But there can be no two opinions about the hilarious idiocy of the theory that his grown-up son has any inherent right to possess that wealth—his son who has no more to do with it than the Emperor of China save by a physiological accident. A hundred years from now people will be laughing at our imbecile acquiescence in such an absurd theory, as we now laugh at the imbecile acquiescence of whole provinces and kingdoms in the Middle Ages, which passed from the hands of one master to another because somebody had married somebody else."

Mme. Brodard used to say, resignedly, that she minded such editorials least of all. "That is a principle that will never come into our lives!" she said, with melancholy conviction, for her modest dowry was the extent of their fortune and their expectations, since she had been an orphan and since all the Brodard elders were dead, having left nothing to the family of such an enemy to society.

She did not complain; she never complained of anything her husband did; but it was plain to see that she thought it her obvious duty to protect her daughters from the consequences of their dear father's ideas. The income from her dowry kept them at school and dressed them at home, and as the oldest began to approach within hailing distance of the marriageable age Mme. Brodard cast about her with silent intensity for some possible means for stretching that dowry to enable Madeleine to make the right sort of match. She knew of course that this was an impossible undertaking; but all her married life had been an impossible undertaking carried through to success, and she did not despair, although there were times when she looked white and anxious.

But this was never when M. Brodard was at home. Indeed, it was impossible for any one to be tense or distraught in the sunny gayety of M. Brodard's presence. His entrance into that neat, hushed, shadowed, decorous, narrow, waxed and polished interior was like the golden blare of a trumpet. He was always full of his latest crusade, fired with enthusiasm, hope, and certainty of success. He made you feel that he was the commanding officer of a devoted force, besieging an iniquitous old enemy, and every day advancing further towards victory. Yet another blast, and down would tumble the flimsy walls of cowardly, traditional injustice, and the sunshine would stream into the dark places again.

Full of faith in what he was doing, he was as light-hearted as a boy, charging the most stagnant air with the vibrant current of his conviction that life was highly worth the trouble it cost. Big girls as we were, he swept us off into hilarious games of hide-and-seek; and never in any later evenings of my life have I rocked in such gales of fun as on the evenings when we played charades. An impersonation of a fussy, clucking sitting hen which he gave as part of the word "*ampoule*" has remained with me as a high-water mark of sheer glorious foolery, never surpassed by the most expensive clown. In the following charade we laughed so at his "creation" of a fateful Napoleon that we could not sit on our chairs; and after that, carried away by his own high spirits, he did the "strong man" at the village fair (he was a prodigiously powerful athlete), lifting a feather with a grotesque display of swelling muscles, clenched jaws, and widespread legs, which all but finished me. The tears of mirth used to come to my eyes as I recalled that evening, and many a taut, highstrung moment of my adolescence relaxed into healthy amusement at the remembered roar of M. Brodard's laughter. M. Brodard's laughter—alas!

And yet at the very time when his care-free, fearless laughter so filled my ears he was standing out single-handed against the most poisonous hostility to force an investigation of a doctored law case in which a workingman had been defrauded of his rights. Apparently there was always some such windmill against which he thought it necessary to charge; apparently his zeal for charging never diminished. We went back to school, leaving him the center of a pack of yelling vituperations from all the staid and solid citizens of the region. "Poor dear papa!" as the Brodard girls always said, imitating their mother's accent.

To me school and lessons in deportment seemed queerer than ever after that great gust of stormy, ruffling wind, but the Brodard girls were used to such contrasts, and plunged themselves deeper than ever, up to their very necks, into the atmosphere of gentility. They had caught more than their mother's accent; they had caught her deep anxiety about their future, her passionate determination that the ideas of their father should not drag them into that impossible world of workingmen and radicals and badly dressed outcasts which was the singular choice of their excellent poor dear papa.

When Mme. Brodard came to Paris, in the well-cut, tailored dress which I now know to have been the only one she possessed, she reported that papa, by sheer capacity for shouting unpleasant truths at the top of his great voice, had obtained a retrial and acquittal of that

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tiresome workingman, and was now off on a new tack, was antagonizing all the merchants of town by an *exposé* of their grinding meanness to their hapless employees. It seemed that libel suits were thick in the air, and the influential members of society crossed to the other side of the street when they met M. Brodard. "But you know how poor dear papa seems to thrive on all that."

Well, he might thrive on all that, but Madeleine, Lucie, and Clotilde knew very well that nothing they wanted would thrive on "all that." Their only salvation was in escape from it. In the effort to prepare themselves for that escape they smeared themselves, poor things, from head to foot with good breeding. They had nothing but themselves, *maman*, and her little dowry to count on; but at least no one should be able to guess from their manners that their home life had not been conventional. Mme. Brodard went on that day to consult with her legal adviser about reinvesting some of her little fortune so that it would mean more income. When Madeleine left school, they would need more, Heaven knew, to piece out the plain living furnished by the head of the family. What could they do to rise to that crisis? *When Madeleine left school* —an abyss before their feet! Could they, perhaps, go south to a winter resort for a few months every year, where there were no Morvilliers people, where there might be eligible young men—or even some not so young? They all looked anxious and stern when they thought of it, for after Madeleine there were Lucie and Clotilde!

I was sent home to America that June before the end of school term. The good-bys were said at lunch-time, before my schoolmates went off to the lesson in deportment. The last I saw of the Brodards at that time was through the door of the *salon* as I passed on my way to the street. They were learning how to handle a fan, how to open it—"not tearing it open with both hands, like a peasant girl, but flirting it open with a sinuous bend of the wrist of one hand—not so abrupt—smooth, suave, with an aristocratic—" As I went down the hall the voice of Professor Médart died away on these words. I wondered what poor dear papa was up to now.

Two years later, when I was taken back to France and went to visit the Brodards, I found that he was still up to the same sort of thing. Just then he was making the echoes yell in the defense of a singularly unattractive, snuffy old man who lived in a village six or seven kilometers away from Morvilliers. Old M. Duval, it seemed, had gone to South America in his youth, had accumulated some property there, and had lost his religion. Now at sixty-nine, with, so it was said, enough money to live on, he had come back to Fressy, had bought a comfortable little home there, and settled down to end his days in his birthplace. But Fressy, as it happened, had always been noted for its piety and conservatism, and still was. The *curé* of the parish was a man of flaming zeal, for once the Mayor was also a very devout Ultramontane, and their influence till then had been unquestioned in the town. They had boasted that there was one loyal village left in France, where none of the poisonous new ideas had come in to corrupt the working classes and to wean them from their dutiful submission to the rule of their spiritual and secular betters. Apparently till then M. Brodard had overlooked the existence of such a village so near him.

But his attention was now very much called to it by the persecution of old M. Duval. The persistent and ostentatious absence from mass of the returned traveler was followed by a shower of stones which broke most of his windows. His easy-going advice, given publicly in a café, to some young workmen of the town to follow his example, to stand up for themselves, get higher wages or strike, was answered by the poisoning of his dog. The old fellow became indignant, and, never dreaming of the heat of the feeling against him, walked straight up to M. le Curé one day in the street, and asked him—as if the priest had anything to do with what was happening!—whether the laws of France did or did not permit a man to live quietly in his own house, no matter what his opinions were. That night some anonymous defender of the *status quo* set fire to his chicken-house. It was at this time that M. Brodard began to be aware of the existence of Fressy.

Old M. Duval called on the police for protection. "The police." That sounds very fine. But "the police" of Fressy meant a solitary old *garde-champêtre*, whose wife was the most pious woman in town and whose only daughter was the cook in the house of the fiercely legitimatist Mayor. It is not surprising that the next morning the scoffing unbeliever from overseas found that somehow marauders had eluded "the police" and laid waste his promising kitchen garden. They intended—they proclaimed it openly—to drive out from their sanctified midst the man who flaunted his prosperity as the result of a wicked and godless life.

But they had not counted on M. Brodard and on his unparalleled capacity for making a noise. He stormed out to Fressy to see the old man, thoroughly frightened by this time, heard his story, exploding at intervals in fiery rockets of indignation, clasped him in his arms, as though M. Duval had been his own kin, and swore that he would prove to him that justice and freedom existed in France to-day as always. The old man's nerves were shaken by his troubled nights and his harried sense of invisible enemies all about him. Until that moment it had seemed to him that all the world was against him. His relief was immense. He returned M. Brodard's embrace emotionally, his trembling old arms clasped hard about the other's great neck, the tears in his scared old eyes.

Then M. Brodard hurried back to Morvilliers, tore the throttle open, and let her go—to the great discomfort of Mme. Brodard and the girls, the two elder of whom were now very reluctantly preparing themselves to teach, for they had not been able to organize the longed-for escape. That was the situation when I visited them.

Of course in due time the intemperate publicity about the matter put an end to the attacks on M. Duval. The rattling crackle of M. Brodard's quick-fire protests rose in the air till it reached the ears of the *Sous-Préfet*, from whose exalted office orders to "see to that matter" descended from one step of the official hierarchy to another, till they came with imperative urgency even to the royalist Mayor of Fressy, who very grudgingly issued certain unofficial orders, which meant quiet in old M. Duval's life. There was even a victim sacrificed to shut M. Brodard's too-articulate mouth. The *garde-champêtre* lost his position and his chance for a pension, which was very hard on an excellent, honest man whose only intention had been to do his duty as he saw it. By the time that I was back in America in college Clotilde wrote me that all that disturbance had died down; that M. Duval, the horrid old thing, had come on his shaking old legs to make a visit to papa, to thank him with deep emotion for the intense peace and comfort of his present life. I could read between the lines that Clotilde thought they might very well have a little more of those commodities in their own life.

After that I heard from some one else (for M. Brodard and his ideas were becoming famous) that the opposition had finally caught him in a legal technicality —something connected with his campaign for tearing down the miserable old disease-soaked mediæval hovels where many poor people lived in Morvilliers. The proprietors of the threatened rookeries chipped in together, hired expensive expert legal advice, and had finally, to their immense satisfaction, succeeded in getting a tiny sentence of imprisonment, for defamation of their characters, inflicted on M. Brodard. He was kept in jail for two weeks, I believe, which was a fortnight of pure glory. All his humble adherents, hundreds of them, came tramping in to see him from all the region round, bringing tribute. His "cell" was heaped with flowers, he fared on the finest game and fattest poultry, and what pleased him vastly more—the fiery editorials which he sent out from his prison on the infamy of wretched lodgings for poor families were noticed and reprinted everywhere in France where the circumstances of his grotesque imprisonment were known.

The condemnation which his opponents meant to be a crushing disgrace

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turned out an apotheosis. He enjoyed every moment of it and emerged from his two weeks' vacation ruddier, stronger, in higher spirits than ever, his name shining with the praise of generous-hearted men all over the country. He cocked his hat farther over one ear than ever, and strode off home. You could fairly see the sparks fly from beneath his feet.

The morning after his release from prison news came from Fressy that old M. Duval had died of apoplexy. Well, what of that? Ah, what of that?

He had willed his whole fortune to M. Brodard, and it seemed he was frightfully rich; it came to more than three million francs.

Oh, yes, he took it. Of course he did. You know he would. What else would you have him do? It's all very well to have abstract ideas about the absurdity and iniquity of inheritance, but when your own daughters and your own wife expect so confidently! Mme. Brodard, you see—he was devoted to his wife, who had so faithfully made the best of homes for him, and to his daughters, whom he loved so dearly. Can't you see the astounded radiance of their faces at the news? And they'd already been sacrificed for his ideas. What did you suppose he would do but accept it?

I don't know one thing about the inner history of their life at this time, and in the light of a glimpse, just one glimpse which I had later, I think the less I know about the period when M. Brodard was bringing himself to a decision, the better for my peace of mind. The only information I had was contained in a very nice, conventional note from Mme. Brodard, giving me in the pleasantly formal, well-turned phrases of French epistolatory style the news of their great good fortune, which, she said, was certainly sent by Providence to protect her dear husband from the suffering and hardship which would have been his without it, for M. Brodard was very ill, she wrote, oh, very ill indeed! He had gone through a phase of strange mental excitement, from that had sunk into melancholia, which had frightened them, and in the end had succumbed to a mysterious malady of the nervous system which made him half-blind and almost helpless. Helpless—her wonderful, strong husband! What would she have done to care for him if it had not been for this financial windfall coming just when it was most needed?

You can imagine my stupefaction on reading this letter! It was caused as much by learning that M. Brodard was a hopeless invalid as by learning about that odd business of the fortune left them. How strange! M. Brodard with a nervous affection which left him in a wheeled chair! It was incredible. I reread the beautifully written letter, trying hard to see if anything lay between the lines. But there was nothing more in it than I had already found. It was evidently written in the utmost good faith. Everything Mme. Brodard did was done with the utmost good faith.

Some years later I was in France again, and found myself near the address on the Riviera where the Brodards had purchased an estate. I had not heard from them in some months, but, on the chance that they might be there, I went over from Mentone on a slow way train, which, returning three hours later, would give me time to pay my call and get back the same afternoon. Everybody at the little white stuccoed station knew where their place was, and when he knew where I was going the driver of the shabby cab tucked me into it with a respect for my destiny he had noticeably not shown to my very plain and rather dusty traveling dress. We climbed a long hill road to a high point, commanding a glorious view of the brilliant sea and yet more brilliant coast, and turned into a long manorial *allée* of fine cypress trees.

The house was as manorial and imposing as the avenue leading to it, and I began to be uneasily aware of my plain garb. As I went up the steps to the great door I could feel the house thrilling rhythmically to excellent music and to the delicate gliding of many finely shod feet.

A servant led me to a small round *salon* hung with blue brocade, and in a moment Mme. Brodard came hurrying to meet me. She had bloomed herself luxuriantly open like a late rose, and from head to foot was a delight to the eye. Of course she was very much surprised to see me, but, with never a glance at my garb, she gave me the cordial welcome of an old friend. Her perfect good faith and good breeding still governed her life, it was plain to see. She was giving a *thé dansant* for the younger girls, she told me, adding that Madeleine had been married two months before to a silk manufacturer of Lyons. She was evidently glad to see me, but, naturally enough, just for the moment, a little puzzled what to do with me. I suggested to her relief that I make a visit to M. Brodard first of all, and wait to see the others till their guests had gone.

"Yes, that's the very thing," she said, ringing for a servant to show me the way. "He'll remember you, of course. He will be so glad to see you, he always liked you so much." As the servant came to the door, she added, sadly, with a note of caution, "But you must expect to find him sadly changed. His health does not improve, although we have a resident physician for him, and *everything* is done for him, poor, dear Bernard!"

The servant in a quiet livery of the finest materials led me upstairs over velvet carpets, and then upstairs again, to a superb room at the top of the house. It was all glass towards the miraculous living blue of the Mediterranean, and full of flowers, books, and harmoniously designed modern furniture. M. Brodard, clad in a picturesque furred dressing-gown, sat in a wheeled chair, his bald head sunk on his breast, his eyes, fixed and wide open, lowered towards his great wasted white hands lying empty on his knees. Until he raised his eyes to look at me I could not believe that it was he—no, it was not possible!

He remembered me, as Mme. Brodard had predicted, but the rest of her simple-hearted prophecy did not come true. He was not in the least glad to see me, and made not the slightest pretense that he was. A look that was intolerable to see had come into his eyes as he recognized me, and he had instantly turned his head as though he hated the sight of me.

I knew that I should get myself out of the room at once, no matter how; but I was so stricken and pierced with horror and pity that for a moment I could not collect myself, and stood there stupidly.

A faint, distant sound of gay music hummed rhythmically in the silence. A professional-looking young man who had been sitting with a book on the other side of the room got up now and, with the bored air of a man doing his duty, took hold of M. Brodard's thin wrist to feel the pulse.

M. Brodard snatched away his hand with an angry gesture and said to me over the doctor's head, "Well, you see how it is with us now." He corrected himself, "You see how it is with me."

His accent, his aspect, his eyes, added what he did not say. He had been trembling with impatience because I was there at all. Now he was trembling with impatience because I did not answer him. His terrible eyes dared me to answer.

I would have done better to hold my tongue altogether, but my agitation was so great that I lost my head. I felt that I was called upon to bring out something consoling; and heard myself murmuring in a foolish babble something or other about possible compensations for his illness, about his still being able to go on with his work, to write, to publish, in that way to propagate his ideas.

At that he burst into a laugh I would give anything in the world not to have heard.

"My ideas—ha! ha! ha!" he cried.

Oh, I got myself out of the room then. I ran down the velvet carpets of the stairs, my hands over my ears. As I hurried along to the outside door I passed the *salon*. I saw, across the bare, gleaming desert of its waxed floor, Clotilde standing with a well-dressed man. She had a fan in her hand, and as I looked she opened it deftly with a sinuous bend of her flexible wrist—"smoothly, suavely, with an aristocratic—"

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YESTERDAY

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Across the sand the sparkle dies away,
The sun, the waves, the ebbing afternoon
Slide westward, and the shadows on the dune
Deepen against the caravan of gray.
But we who stand here have become immune
To all this somber glory; we who stay
See but the passing of another day,
And from our summers, yet another June.

O, we had spoken, we had answered once
To this vast query that has found us dumb;
Out of our quickened spirit some response,
Some hugely eager challenge, would have come,
Where, blinded by our wisdom, now we glance
Unmoved upon this infinite romance.

A BILLION-DOLLAR BANDIT

BY W. H. KIRKBRIDE

GRANDIS is his name; Anthonomus Grandis. Never heard of him? Then it's time you made his acquaintance. He's the greatest thief the world has ever known, and he's still at large. Robin Hood? Claude Duval? Jesse James? Al Jennings? Mere infants in arms compared with him. Ponzi? Wall Street plunderers? That recent and prosperous organization known as the Consolidated Highwaymen of Fifth Avenue? Mere pikers, all of them, compared with Grandis.

He operates only three months in the year in a comparatively small area of the United States, and yet in the last five years he has made a clean-up of nearly two billion dollars! The United States Government, the authorities of the States in which he operates, the bankers, farmers, and merchants have all united in a supreme effort to capture him dead or alive—but without success. Each year he outwits them, takes a larger toll and departs on his vacation, leaving the community which he has visited demoralized, bankrupt, with its people facing poverty and starvation.

In 1921 I was warned by the next county that he would pay me a visit, but, in spite of the warning and the preparations I made to forestall him, he sneaked into my place during the summer and robbed me of half my year's profit. And I expect he will come again next summer. Taxes, death, and the Volstead Act can sometimes be avoided, but not Grandis! Nor can *you* escape him, my friend! Every time you enter a store, be it on Fifth Avenue or Main Street, to purchase a shirt for yourself or a dress for your wife or a pair of stockings for your children, or even a spool of thread or a ball of yarn, he is there waiting for you and takes his toll—ten cents, a dollar, five dollars, whatever it may be. He is worse than the income-tax collectors by far!

Not only does he rob you and me, but he robs nearly every man, woman, and child on earth! A Billion Dollar Bandit, did I call him? That is too conservative. He has directly stolen nearly two billion dollars in the last five years, but he has been at large in America since 1892, nearly thirty years. During that time he has robbed the railways and steamship companies of millions of dollars, he has caused banks to close their doors and factories and mills to shut down, he has thrown thousands of men out of employment and bankrupted hundreds of concerns, both small and great; he has been the direct cause of the loss of millions of dollars in the depreciation of land and other property throughout the South; he has brought misery, want, and starvation to many a prosperous and worthy family.

Anthonomus Grandis is his name. Perhaps you have heard him called by his alias. He is also known as the Mexican boll weevil. But do you know of the great amount of damage he has done or of the seriousness of the situation, or of the mighty effort the Government and the people of the South are making to exterminate him, or at least to control him? If you do not, perhaps you will be interested to read further. Grandis, like Villa and Santa Anna, chose Mexico for his birthplace. He was first heard of near Vera Cruz in 1843. He soon became so active and destructive in that country that the raising of cotton was abandoned, and has never, to any extent, been resumed.

He then made his way to Cuba, at that time a prosperous cotton community, and by 1871 had made such ravage in the industry that the farmer gave up planting cotton and turned to other things.

The growing of cotton in America now became confined largely to that part of the Southern States lying between thirty and thirty-seven degrees north latitude or a line running through southern Virginia, southern Kentucky, Missouri, and the northern boundary of Oklahoma. Free from any destructive pest and blessed with a climate and soil peculiarly adapted to the growing of cotton, the Southern States became the greatest cotton-producing district in the world. In 1909 this crop brought the South one billion dollars in cash, one hundred million dollars more than the entire wheat crop of the United States and over twice the value of the oat crop. The world's total production of gold during the same year was four hundred and sixty million, just about half the value of the South's cotton crop.

And then came Anthonomus Grandis! He slipped over the Mexican border into Texas in 1892 and commenced his slow but fatal and devastating march eastward. Attila, the Hun, called himself the Scourge which God has chosen to chastise humanity, but he never did half the damage to Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, and Gaul that Grandis has done to the South. Neither did Napoleon on his march into Russia, nor Sherman in his march from Georgia to the sea, nor the German army on its march to Paris. A Hindenburg Line means nothing to him, nor does poisoned gas or anything else known to man.

The United States Government, realizing the gravity of the situation, has, through the Department of Agriculture, spent great sums of money and much time and study in the attempt to stop

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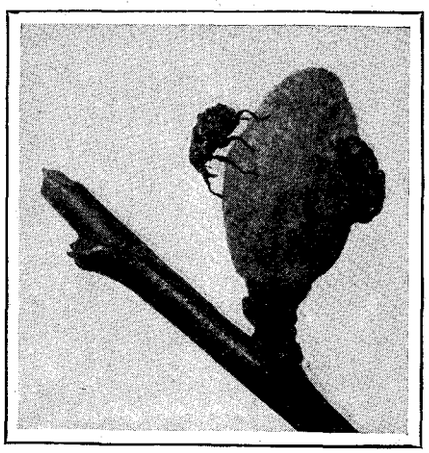
the fatal march, but in vain. To-day hundreds of scientists and thousands of bankers, merchants, and farmers are working day and night in the endeavor to stem the ravisher, but all their efforts have been practically useless. The Agricultural Department of every State in the South has put its best men on the job and has tried in every conceivable way to stop the onward march of the invader, but he has gone ahead like a caterpillar tractor, year by year, mile by mile, leaving poverty and misery in his wake. During last summer there was scarcely a cotton boll in the entire six hundred thousand square miles of cotton belt in which one of General Grandis's army was not securely intrenched. I say securely, because there is no known way to get at him without destroying the boll, or, in other words, the goose that lays the golden egg.

Hundreds of ways have been tried to oust him. Every conceivable chemical has been poured upon his dugout, but, as he breathes through the pores in his side, instead of through lungs, he is not even annoyed by any kind of contamination of the atmosphere. He has been gassed by the deadliest of gases and subjected to sulphur fumes in the cotton field, but he lived fat and contented through it all. It has been demonstrated in the laboratory that sulphur burned in a tight box apparently did not affect him at all, and when shut up in a sealed bottle and subjected to the intensest gas it took three hours to kill him. He has been shot at with innumerable patent machines, he has been bombarded with fumigants and electrical devices of all

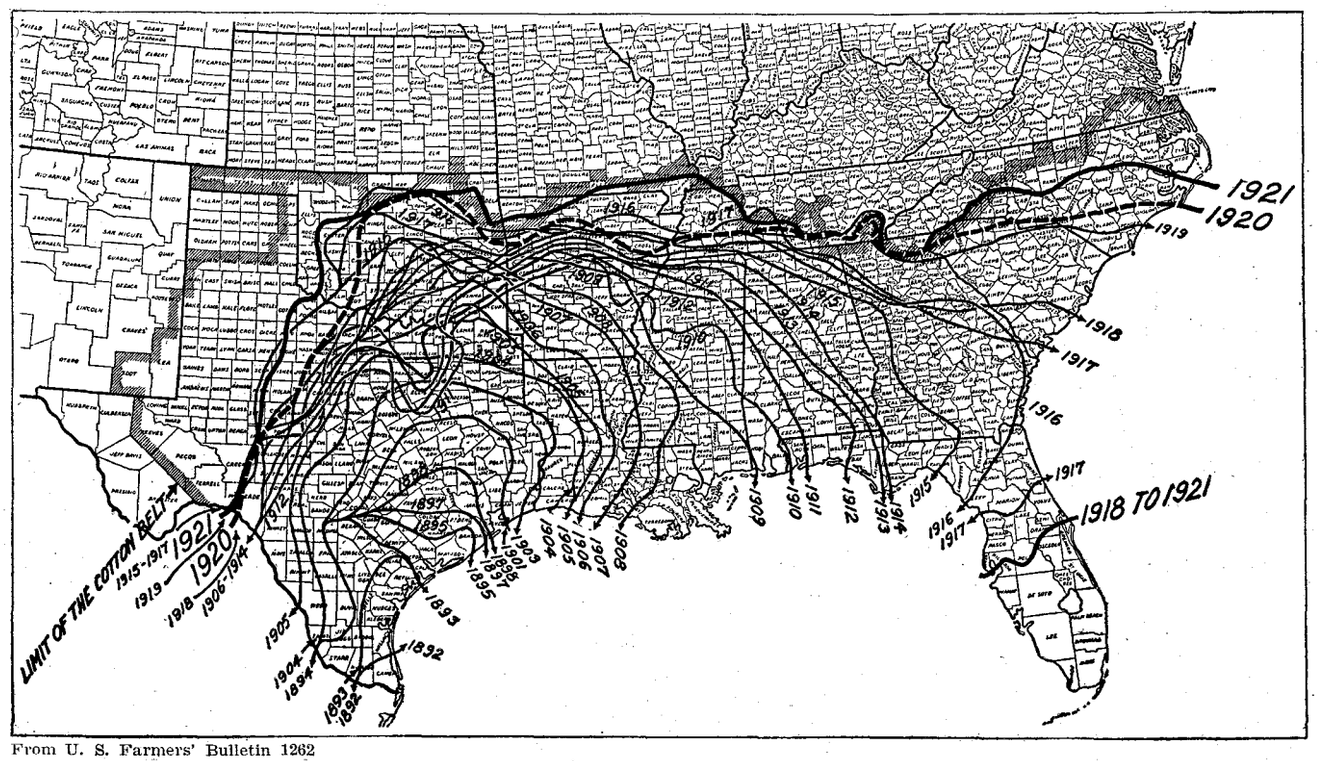


THE BANDIT AT WORK

kinds, he has been tempted with all sorts of appetizing poisons and tricked into eating especially prepared rows of early cotton, he has had an army of quail, chickens, and guinea-hens sent into the fields to devour him, and an S. O. S. call has been issued for a parasite that will control his actions, but with no response. All these and many other methods too numerous to mention have been tried and found wanting. Why? Because the destructive larvæ are beyond the reach of poison or any known mode of attack.

For those who are not intimately acquainted with the cotton plant or the boll weevil a few words of explanation. Cotton is planted from seed about March or April, according to the locality. In appearance it somewhat resembles the hollyhock, and belongs to the same family. In June or July it blossoms into a beautiful flower, which is first yellow, then pink, and finally a deep red before it falls to the ground. Next a small fruit, called a boll, appears, in which the seeds are packed, surrounded by the cotton fibers. If the boll is allowed to ripen, it bursts open and the cotton is picked, but if the boll is punctured by a weevil the cotton is destroyed.

The boll weevil is a species of beetle with a prominent snout, half the length of its body. It has elbowed antennæ at its sides and a small mouth at its tip. It is one-fifth of an inch long, or about four times the size of a Jersey mosquito. It hibernates in the winter time by flying to near-by woods or by concealing itself in the cotton fields. In the spring, when cotton is four or five inches high, it comes out and seats itself on top of the cotton stalk, subsisting by sucking the juice from the terminal bud. This is the chap who has been hatched the year before and survived the winter, and consequently he does not do much damage to the plant. By August he is dead. Here, again, it is the "female of the species who is more deadly than the male." She deposits her eggs by puncturing the buds and bolls with her beak and the larvæ devour the interior. One puncture kills the square, and a single female punctures one hundred and fifty to two hundred squares in a season. The life cycle is completed in about twenty days, and the consequent multiplication is enormous. It is these hordes of offspring of the parent weevil that ravage the fields and destroy the cotton. By the middle of August they are so numerous



From U. S. Farmers' Bulletin 1262

MAP SHOWING SPREAD OF THE MEXICAN COTTON BOLL WEEVIL IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1892 TO 1921, INCLUSIVE

The outer limits of the cotton belt advance or recede slightly from year to year, and as shown on the map are not entirely accurate for 1921

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that all squares and bolls not already matured furnish food and breeding-places for them and their offspring.

You, my friend, if you live in New York, are more concerned about Police Commissioner Enright's attack upon the consolidated highwaymen of Fifth Avenue than you are upon the South's great fight against this Billion Dollar Bandit, because you think it comes nearer home to you. But does it? Let us see. You know that cotton is the most valuable fiber in the world and that it clothes the greater part of the human race, but do you know that the South supplies eighty per cent of this cotton and that in normal times it constitutes sixty per cent of our export trade? Do you know that in 1921 more cotton was planted than ever before to meet this demand, but that owing to the ravages of the weevil we made the shortest crop that has been grown since 1880? Do you know that our 1922 crop, in spite of the increase in acreage, is only half the size of the 1904 crop? Do you know that Europe, Asia, and Africa are almost without cotton at the present time, and that but for the fact that our foreign trade is almost at a standstill there would be a cotton famine and that you would be paying three or four times what you are paying for your cotton goods? Do you know that there are two billion dollars invested in the cotton-manufacturing business of the world and that the existence of these mills and their employees depends upon the South's ability to furnish them with three-fourths of their raw material? Do you know that oil is extracted from the cottonseed and that what is left over is used for fertilizer to produce the beef you eat, and that this by-product alone is worth over one hundred million dollars per year? Do you know that the consumption of cotton is increasing at an enormous rate and that the "cotton belt" is the only part of the world qualified to meet this increase? For the five years ending with the year 1890 we furnished seventy-seven per cent of the world's cotton; in the next five years, seventy-nine per cent; in the next five years, eighty-three and a third per cent.

The vital question now is, with General Grandis in command of the field, destroying from half to two-thirds of every cotton stalk grown in the United States, where is this increasing requirement of the world's most valuable staple to be met? In some other country? Impossible. Let us see why.

We are now furnishing the world, as before stated, eighty per cent of its raw material. Egypt furnishes about thirteen per cent, East India five per cent, and all other countries in which cotton can be produced two per cent. "All other countries" includes Russia, China, Japan, Peru, Greece, Turkey, Persia, and Mexico. Each of these countries grows a very limited amount of cotton, all of which is consumed at home. The entire world, exclusive of Egypt and India, does not produce in a year as much cotton as the State of Texas alone.

Climate and soil make the growing of cotton in most parts of the world an uncertainty, and the quality, for the most part, is undesirable, the staple being

COTTON BOLL SHOWING LARVA OF BOLL WEEVIL IN POSITION

coarse and harsh and quite short. It is therefore highly improbable that there will be any increase whatever in these countries.

India, with its immense population and growing requirements, will always consume more cotton than it can grow at home. The uncertainty in regard to rainfall is India's greatest drawback to any serious increase in cotton production. Also the staple is of much lower grade than ours and the average yield per acre is only 70 pounds to our 190 pounds.

Egypt, one might think, would be the country to help out the most, but she also is limited in her production. Why? Because she is almost a rainless country. No crops can be grown there without irrigation, and the River Nile is the only source of water supply. At the present time her increase in cotton production does not nearly meet with her increased demand. Since 1873 her increase has amounted to only 430,000 bales, compared with an increase of 7,000,000 bales in our cotton belt during the same period.

How is the South taking this invasion of its country? Like men of course, with their backs against the wall. They even joke about it, and there are as many puns on the boll weevil as there are on the Ford car. But under it all is the realization of the seriousness of the case and the vital importance of doing something to remedy the evil.

There was a silver lining to the dark cloud of the reconstruction period, for Cotton was still king and from the banks of the North money could be obtained for planting. Then it was a sure investment; now it is a gamble, and banks do not lend money to farmers to gamble with. Before the coming of the weevil the planter could borrow from sixty to eighty per cent of the money required to make his cotton crop; to-day he cannot borrow a dollar without additional security. Before the coming of the weevil the farmer could order his fertilizer and pay for it when he disposed of his crop; to-day he must pay cash in advance with his order. Before the coming of the weevil he could purchase his clothes and provisions from the merchants during the summer and make settlement in the fall; now he must pay cash or do without. Before the coming of the weevil one could see darkies riding in Ford cars, dressed in gay-colored clothing of the latest style; to-day they walk the streets clad in tattered remnants of old army clothes or anything they can find to wear. Before the coming of the weevil the stores on Main Street were full of customers, purchasing the necessities and luxuries of life; to-day the stores are empty, the merchants standing idly in the doorways with a troubled look on their faces. One neighbor tells me he has turned off all his "hands," as he has no work for them to do. Where will they go and how will they support themselves and their large families? Another neighbor tells me he cannot afford to do any farming this year; he is trying to sell his mules, but cannot get an offer for them and cannot afford to feed them. At a recent auction a mule sold for $1.50. Think of it! Before the coming of the weevil mules sold for $300 or $400 apiece.

These are but a few of the incidents of the want and privation caused by the million-dollar bandit throughout the Cotton Belt. The answer? I know but one. *Starve him to death.* How? By not planting for one year a single cottonseed in the entire United States. He cannot live on anything but cotton, and it would mean the extermination of him and his entire army forever. We would wake up the next year to find the enemy defeated and gone from our shores; the mule and the darky would go back to the fields; motor cars would again line the streets; the banks would once more stretch out the friendly hand of finance; the whisky still in the swamp would cease its grinding and be replaced by the hum of the gin and the mill; and the look of worry would pass from the faces of the people, for peace and prosperity would be with them again and all would be well with the world.

AN educational idea born on Hawaiian soil may guide the future of the vast continent of Africa. Mrs. John D. Hammond tells of the progress of this idea in her forthcoming review of a remarkable book prepared by Thomas Jesse Jones for the Phelps Stokes Fund.

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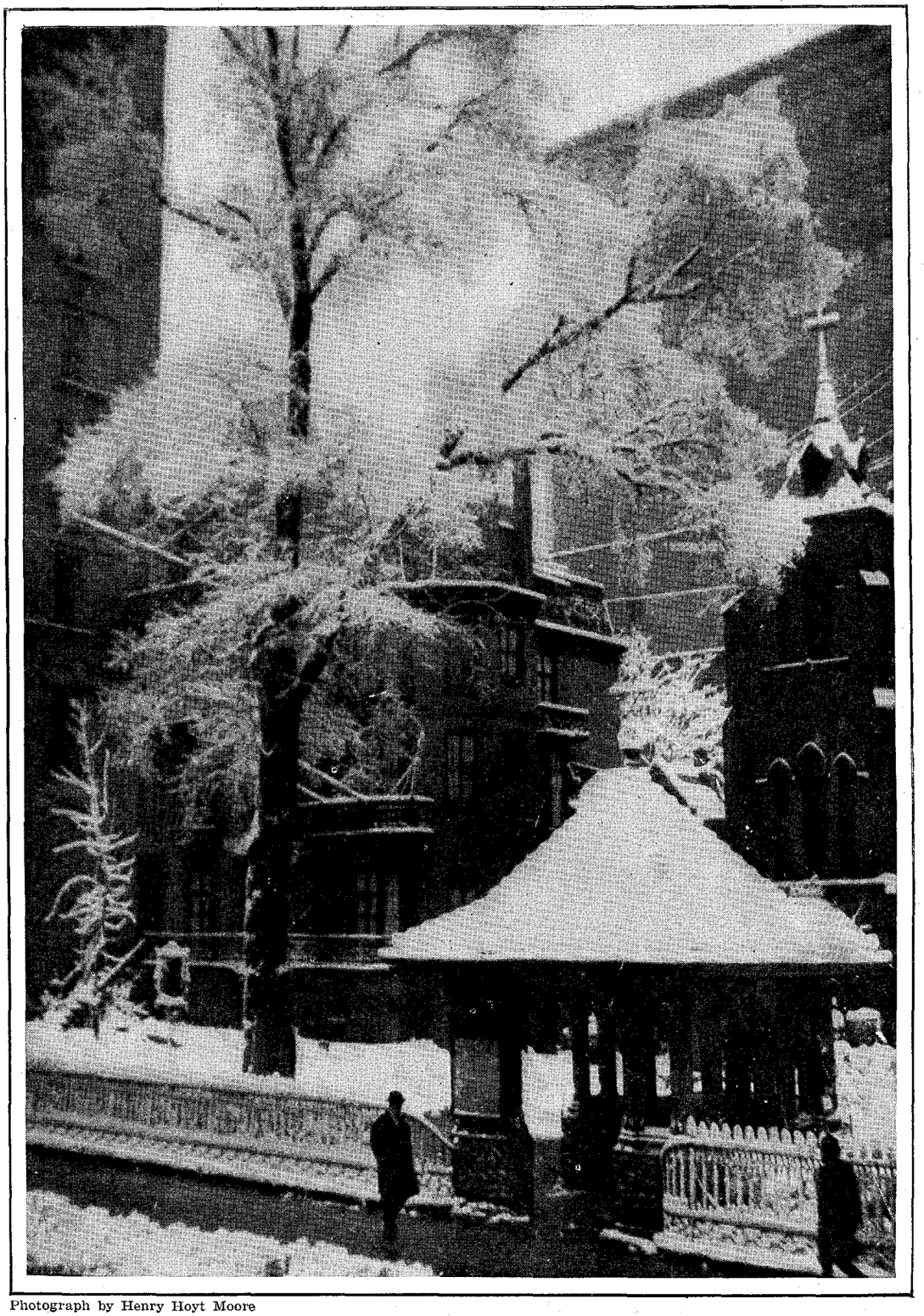
A CITY SILVERED WITH SNOW



Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

THE "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER," ON TWENTY-NINTH STREET, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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THE BOOK TABLE

A REAL MERCHANT MARINE

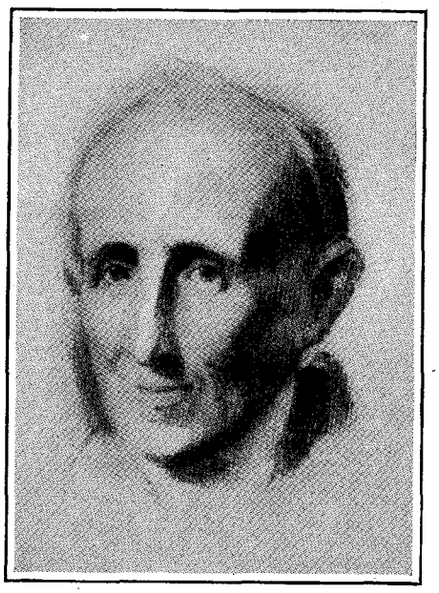
BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

A BAD title cannot permanently strangle a good book, but it can choke it, however great its vitality, into temporary insensibility.

I am provoked into making this observation by an experience I have just had with an unusual book,[1] fairly to be classed with "Two Years Before the Mast" and "Moby Dick," which has been off the press for more than a year and yet whose acquaintance I have avoided until recently because of its stupid-sounding name.

Some months ago a colleague who, like myself, loves ships, sailors, and the sea handed me a blue-bound volume with a single-topsail brig vignetted in white on the cover, remarking: "Here is something you will enjoy." I glanced at the name—"Maritime History of Massachusetts." Heavens, what a title! Dry as the catalogue of a technical library! Probably filled with statistics of embargoes, wharfage, demurrage, supercargoes, tonnage, sail areas, courses, lunar observations, dead-reckoning, and such nautical formulas as $\frac{(L-3.5\ B)\ x\ B\ x\ D}{95}$! That was enough. I laid the book aside on that pile which so often accumulates on an editor's desk, and which claims his attention from a sense of duty and not from an anticipation of pleasure. Notwithstanding the occasional allusions of my colleague, I kept putting off the examination I promised him, although I had gone so far as to take the book home, telling him that I could there give it a more leisurely inspection than I could at the office. Finally, one day when confined to the house by a slight indisposition which did not make me any more cheerful about performing a tiresome duty, I picked up Professor Morison's "history," determined to give it a just, if cursory, review. In ten minutes I was absorbed; I read passages from it to members of the household; and for a very simple reason which is beautifully stated by one of the greatest of English prose writers—Macaulay—who says in his essay on Hallam's "Constitutional History of England:"

> To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist.



FROM "MARITIME HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS"

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL BOWDITCH

From an unfinished portrait by Gilbert Stuart

These pleasing duties have been reappropriated by Professor Morison to the historian. He brings before the reader the living figures of the merchant-adventurers and seaman-explorers of early New England, the exploits which to them were matter of fact but to us amazing, their homes, their customs, their manners, their dress, their food, their courage, their vigor. And it is all delicately flavored with a pleasant wit. For example:

> Their portraits [the merchant-adventurers of Boston] by Gilbert Stuart have a sort of family likeness, a complacent air and ruddy face suggesting a sea-faring youth, with a plenty of "choice old London particular," that had passed the equator four times before its final ripening under the eaves. Those who inherited wealth, or had begun business before the Revolution, were more highly regarded than the self-made man who had traced new trade-routes; but certain families combined both distinctions. There was a distinct class of merchant princes, who lived in magnificent style, surrounded by suggestions of Oriental opulence. The Honorable Thomas Russell was a sort of marshal of this mercantile nobility, and passed on his baton to Thomas Handasyd Perkins. On a social pinnacle of their own making were the mercantile *émigrés* from Essex County—the Lowells, the Higginsons, and the Jacksons, who (according to Colonel Henry Lee) "came up from Newburyport to Boston, social and kindly people, inclined to make acquaintances and mingle with the world pleasantly. But they got some Cabot wives, who shut them up."

Cabot wives! Somehow that name in the annals of our own day and generation still seems to suggest an atmosphere of exclusiveness, conscious superiority, and reluctance to mingle with the world! Yet the reader can hardly wonder at this hereditary feeling of superiority when he looks upon Mr. Morison's vivid and life-like picture of a polished and leisurely plutocracy far more engaging than the feverish pushers and spenders of our own steel, oil, and stock-broking age:

> The merchant princes clung to the ways and fashions of colonial days, or of 1790 at the latest, unwilling to admit even by the cut of a waistcoat that Robespierre could change their world. At eight or eight-thirty the well-to-do Boston merchant appeared among his family in China silk dressing-gown and cap, as Copley had painted his father. Short family prayers, and a hearty breakfast by a blazing hickory fire. Then the mysteries of the toilet, performed by body servant or, preferably, by a neighborhood Figaro, a San Domingo refugee who discreetly gossips while he performs the rite of shaving. Hair is dressed, tied in a queue, and powdered; unless there is a white wig to be nicely adjusted. A fresh white cravat with long lapels is folded and skillfully tied. Then for the nether limbs. Linen drawers are tied down, silk stockings pulled up smooth, and gartered against all chance of ungentlemanly wrinkling; buff nankeen breeches arranged neatly over them and silver buckle drawn tight. Low-hung waistcoat and broad-skirted coat of light-colored broadcloth come next. After a few parting suggestions to his lady, Master takes a stout gold-headed Malacca-joint cane, three-cornered hat, scarlet cloak if chilly, and sallies forth on foot, followed by Cicero, the colored butler, with huge market-basket. For it is the simple custom of the day, on one's way to business, to choose the materials for one's dinner, in the neighborhood of Faneuil Hall.
>
> Suppose one of those sharp, bright winter days, following a fresh snowfall that has etched the outlines of new brick shops and black old gabled houses with high lights. Huge "pungs" (ox- or horse-drawn sledges), the connecting links between ocean commerce and New England farms, are drawn up in Dock Square three deep and piled high with butter, cheeses, fresh and salt meat, game, winter vegetables, wooden ware, and barrels of cider and perry, from some of which small boys are sucking through a straw until the owner shouts—"Hey, you've had your pennyworth!" Through this cheerful activity strolls our merchant, and having chosen his joint and poultry and game and fixings, sends his servant home, and continues to his counting-room on India Wharf, or near by.
>
> If it is winter, there is not much to

[1] Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783–1860. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

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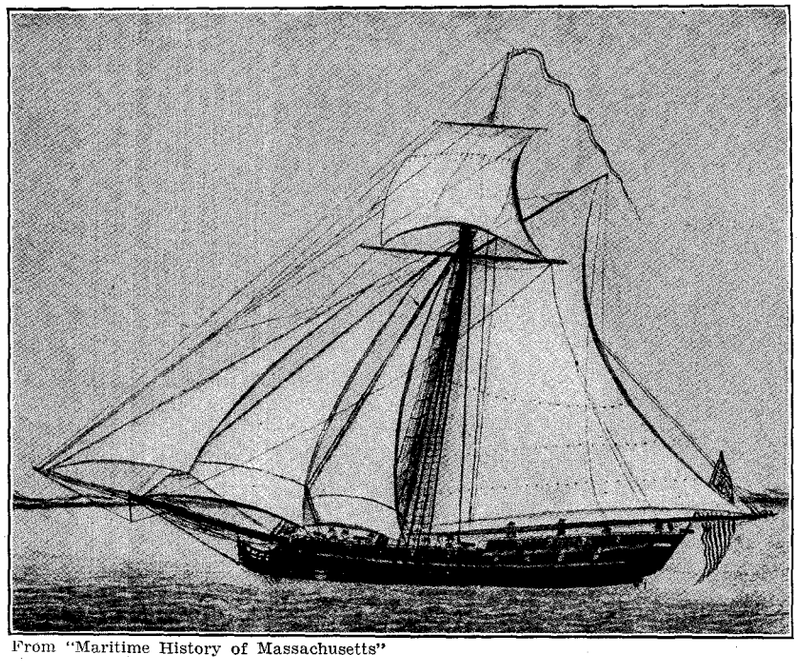
do; for the larger vessels are away; but there are always accounts to be made up, tea and silks to be withdrawn from bond, and plans for next season discussed with master builders. At eleven, Henry the chief clerk mixes a stiff jorum of Jamaica rum, to get himself and master through the morning. At half-after twelve or one, the business day ends, save for the genial institution of 'Change. This is a meeting of all the merchants, on the sidewalk of State Street if weather permits, otherwise in tavern or insurance office, to talk shop, ships, and politics for a half-hour or so.

By two o'clock the merchant is at home again, and at two-thirty comes dinner. Perhaps it is a formal feast, in the oval dining-room, with some fellow-merchants, a state senator or two, a judge, and their respective ladies; begun by a hot punch handed to the gentlemen in a China loving-cup; continued through several substantial courses, washed down with sherry, madeira, and (rarely) champagne; prolonged into candlelight after the ladies retire and the cloth is removed, by port, brandy, political gossip, and damning the Jacobins. If an ordinary family dinner, it is followed by a sleigh-ride, or, in long summer days, a family drive in coach or high English phaeton, behind fat bays, to take tea and fruit at some country seat—with Harry Otis at Oakley, or Kitty Gore at Waltham, or John Lowell at Roxbury, or Ben Bussey at Jamaica Plain. A ball or evening supper party, perhaps; otherwise a cold supper and glass of madeira at home, "and so to bed."

Surely Henry Ford can hardly object that this delightful kind of history is "all bunk." And austere admirers of the Pilgrim Fathers who deplore the disappearance of family prayers from American life must take comfort in the fact that with them have also disappeared the sherry, madeira, port, brandy, and "choice old London particular" of the Pilgrim Sons. Nevertheless, while these favorites of our pious ancestors can no longer lawfully please our palates, the honest commentator is bound to admit that they lend a delectable flavor to literary reminiscence.

If so far I have scarcely touched upon the sea life which the volume before us portrays, it is because its appeal is by no means limited to the nautically inclined. Even those who know nothing of the sea, or who cannot stomach its tempestuous fury, must feel a stir of native pride in Mr. Morison's story of the Venetian-like patronage of art and science which our rugged Yankee merchant-adventurers displayed a century and more ago. They were the patrons of Copley, Stuart, and Sully (the painters), Bulfinch (the architect), and Bowditch (the navigator and astronomer) just as truly as the great Venetian princes of commerce were the patrons of the Bellinis, Verrochio, and the builders of palaces and churches who made Venice the most beautiful sea-city that the world has ever known. Charles Bulfinch, one of the most distinguished



From "Maritime History of Massachusetts"

SLOOP UNION ENTERING BOSTON HARBOR AFTER HER VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

From a water-color by her Captain, John Bolt, Jr.

architects that this country has produced—the creator of that queen among American public buildings, the old Boston State House—was also a merchant-adventurer. In 1787 he took one of fourteen shares ($3,500 each) in the ship Columbia, two hundred and twelve tons burden, which made a three years' voyage to Vancouver Island for furs, thence to Canton, and back to Boston "with the first American ensign to girdle the globe snapping at her peak." As to Bowditch, let Mr. Morison himself tell the story:

> Nathaniel Bowditch was born at Salem in 1773, the son of Habakkuk Bowditch, a shipmaster who had seen better days. His formal schooling was slight. The dawn of Salem's maritime expansion found him apprentice to a local ship-chandler. He fed a precocious passion for mathematics in the Philosophical Library, the nucleus of which was an Irish scientist's collection which a Beverly privateer had captured during the Revolution. In 1796, he went to sea as captain's clerk on the ship Henry, Salem to the Ile de France, and the following year sailed as supercargo in the Astrea, to Manila. On this voyage he not only spent every spare moment in making observations, but taught twelve members of the crew to take and work lunars, the only method of getting longitude without a chronometer, which no Salem vessel could afford. Working lunars is a tricky business, for any error in the observation brings a thirty-fold error in the result; and as young Bowditch found no less than eight thousand errors in the tables of the standard English book on navigation, he decided to get one out of his own. Two more voyages gave him the practice and the leisure for the immense amount of detailed calculations; and in 1801 appeared the first edition of Bowditch's "Practical Navigator," which has been translated into a dozen languages, passed through countless editions, and still remains the standard American treatise on navigation.
>
> While the "Navigator" was making a market for itself, its author went to sea, as master of the ship Putnam, Beverly to the northwest coast of Sumatra. At the close of this successful pepper voyage, he proved his own theories by entering Salem Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1803, in a blinding northeast snowstorm, without having picked up a single landmark. For years to come, "I sailed with Captain Bowditch, Sir!" was a Salem man's password to an officer's berth.

Like the Venetians, too, these Bostonians sent one of their seamen into political life, a kind of Doge, as it were—Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, master of a ship at nineteen and in later life United States Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Captain Silsbee's story is an amazing but not an extraordinary one. His ship Benjamin made a nineteen months' voyage from Boston to the Cape of Good Hope and return, and the venture, which included not merely navigating the vessel but selling and buying cargoes and eluding British and French war-vessels, netted five hundred per cent profit. Captain Silsbee's mate on this voyage was twenty years old; his clerk, eighteen; "the second mate, an old salt of twenty-four, proved insubordinate and was put ashore!" Eight years later Captain Silsbee, having attained the age of twenty-seven, took the ship Herald, three hundred and twenty-eight tons, to Bombay and Calcutta, and back. "Calcutta, lying eighty miles up the Hoogly River, was a port most difficult of access before the days of tugboats. After passing Sand Heads—a considerable feat of navigation in itself at times—it often took two weeks to beat up river. . . . The Herald left the Hoogly in company

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From "Maritime History of Massachusetts"

CLIPPER SHIP FLYING CLOUD

"The fastest vessel on long voyages that ever sailed under the American flag"
Photograph of a Model made after the Original Plans by her builder, Donald McKay

with three vessels from Philadelphia and one from Baltimore. . . . It was the period of our naval hostilities with France. When the Americans fell in with a British East-Indiamen, under fire from a French privateer, they decided to bear a hand, and formed line-of-battle. The master of the vessel abreast the Herald expressed a keen desire to leave, his speed being sufficient to elude the privateer. Captain Silsbee roared through his speaking trumpet, 'If you do, I'll sink you!' To which his colleague replied, 'Damn you, Silsbee, I know you would!' and saw the action through to a successful finish."

These Yankees were not merely merchants and seamen, but fighters too, and handled swivel-guns as familiarly as they did stuns'l booms. Read Mr. Morison's description of the adventurous young Captain Boit:

> But the most remarkable youthful exploit in this bright dawn of Pacific adventure, that has come to my notice, is John Boit, Jr.'s voyage around the world, in the eighty-nine-ton sloop Union, of Boston.
>
> At the age of nineteen, on August 1, 1794, he sailed from Newport as master of this sixty-foot craft and her crew of twenty-two, with ten carriage guns, eight swivels, and a full cargo and outfit for the Northwest Coast. The voyage south was pleasantly broken by catching green turtles and shooting albatross—one measuring sixteen feet tip to tip; by celebrating Christmas Day, and stopping at St. Iago and the Falklands, to save the crew from scurvy, and to hunt wild hogs. The Union rounded the Horn safely in thick, blowy weather, reaching 57° 42′ south latitude on February 4, 1795. On May 16, two hundred and sixty days out, she sighted land, and the next day dropped anchor in "Columbia's cove, Bulfinch's Sound," on Vancouver Island. Here, young Boit tells us, he felt quite at home. The natives recognized him, and inquired after each and every member of the Columbia's crew. Furs were double the price of 1792, but trade was brisk, and the sloop went as far north as 54° 15′ to complete her cargo.
>
> On June 20, when lying at anchor in Puget Sound, the Union was attacked by several hundred Indians under Chief Scootch-Eye. With husky savages swarming around the sloop and over his bulwarks, Captain Boit and his crew kept their nerve, and without a single casualty to themselves killed the chief and forty of his warriors. When they got under weigh, and stood in toward the nearest village, the Indians came out trembling, waving green boughs and offering otter-skins in propitiation.
>
> After a fruitless attempt to cross the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River, the Union went north again to Queen Charlotte's Island, and left the Coast for Canton on September 12, 1795. One month later, Captain Boit sighted "Owhyhee," at a distance of thirty leagues. The next day, sailing alongshore, the sloop was visited by native canoes bringing hogs and pine-apples, and "the females were quite *amorous.*" On December 5, the sloop joined seven larger American vessels at Whampoa. After exchanging his sea-otter for silk and nankeens, and taking freight and passengers for the Ile de France, he got under weigh in company with the American fleet on January 12, 1796. It was a two months' sail through the China Sea, the Straits of Sunda, and the Indian Ocean to Mauritius. Completing his cargo there with coffee and pepper, Captain Boit began the last leg of his voyage at the end of March, 1796. After passing the Island of Madagascar, he found the sloop's mast sprung, and had to fish it and apply preventer backstays while under weigh. Then came a four days' westerly gale, which stove in part of the Union's bulwarks, and swept the hen-coops off her deck, as she lay to. Early in May she rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and caught the southeast trades. Off Georges Bank, she was brought to by the French sloop-of-war Scipio, but allowed to pass "with the utmost politeness." Near Boston Harbor the British frigate Reason fired a shot through the Union's stay-sail, and forced the young master to come aboard with his papers, but "finding they could not make a prize of the sloop, suffer'd me to pass, after treating me in a rough and *ungentlemanlike manner.*" At last, on July 8, came the welcome gleam of Boston Light. Castle William, as seafaring men still called Fort Independence, saluted the returning sloop with fifteen guns, which she returned. Anchoring in the inner harbor, she saluted the town, and got "three huzzas of welcome" from the wharves. The Union made a "saving voyage," beat most of the fleet home, and was the first, possibly the only, sloop-rigged vessel ever to circumnavigate the globe.
>
> In view of the newspaper publicity given nowadays to men of twice Boit's age and experience for crossing the Atlantic in vessels no smaller than the Union and far better equipped, it is refreshing to note the scant attention he got. "Sloop Union, Boit, Canton," in small type at the end of "Arrivals" in the "Boston Centinel." That was all!

Is there anything more dramatic related by Conrad or William McFee than this story of a two years' voyage around the world by a master mariner hardly older than a modern Harvard sophomore? And yet those old Bostonians looked upon it as a mere incident in a matter-of-fact mercantile business. Four times across the equator and doubling both capes in a ninety-ton sloop, Captain Boit would find it hard to sympathize with the pampered New Yorker of to-day who thinks he is roughing it if he has to cross the Atlantic in anything less than a ten-thousand-ton steamship, lighted by electricity and supplied with hot and cold private baths!

The literary possibilities of these dramatic sea ventures draw from Mr. Morison an expression of regret that they have not made a deeper impression upon American poetry:

> In all New England letters there is no genuine sea poetry; nothing to equal the rollicking chanties that the common seaman improvised. . . . Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" and Whittier's "Legends of New England" perhaps might be stretched into this class, and Holmes's prose passage on "Sea and Mountains" in The Autocrat, paper XI. In general, however, the New England poets' attitude toward the sea is that of a summer boarder who is afraid to get his feet wet. . . . Yet maritime Massachusetts became articulate in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" and Melville's "Moby Dick." What seafaring people, in the nineteenth century, has left prose monuments to compare with these?

Is not Mr. Morison a trifle hard on the New England poets? Are they any more reprehensible in this respect than the poets of Old England? The one really great dramatic poem of sea life and sea legend written by an English

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poet that comes to mind at the moment is "The Ancient Mariner," and the only sea that Coleridge ever sailed was the sea of metaphysics. "The Tempest" is a theoretical rather than an empirical sea poem, and was written by a dry-footed genius. "M'Andrew's Hymn" is a noble poem of life on the sea, but not exactly of the sea; the poet was a passenger and not a sailor, and he extols the power of man and steel and steam, and not the power of wind and wave. It is true that Masefield was a sailor, and that he has written some stirring sea ballads and apostrophes to white-bellied ships; but even his greatest poem is a penetrating and tragic study of English village life. We have many Wordsworths of the lakes and fields, but as yet no Burns of the ocean. The fact seems to be that the sea is too vast, too mysterious, too overwhelming, to be confined by the limits of prosody. Its lovers and intimates need the freedom of prose to express themselves, and so New England men of letters are to be praised, not blamed, for the two great monuments to the sea erected by their guild.

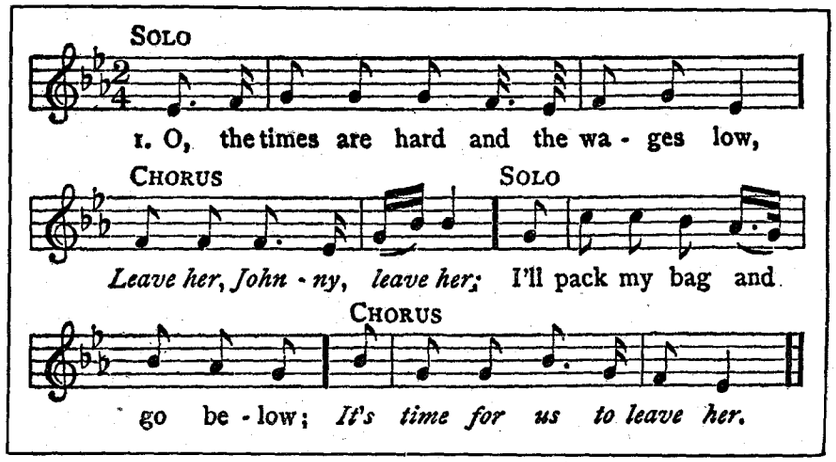
In these mechanical days of oil-burning steamships, when it is impossible to maintain a merchant marine without a Government subsidy, when passengers live on the ocean exactly as they live in the most luxurious hotels, hardly knowing whether they are not on Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly or the Rue de la Paix, and when sailors work on shipboard about as they would work in a steel mill or cotton factory, there is a melancholy but absorbing interest in reading the story of the merchant-adventurers and seaman-explorers of old Massachusetts. Their wonderful clipper ships—"so strongly built, so finely finished, and of so beautiful a model" that they were the admiration of the world, ships that logged as high as 18.2 knots for twenty-four consecutive hours—have gone, never to return. It is no wonder that Mr. Morison, as he takes leave of them, pays them a tribute which, although in prose, is touched with the feeling of a poet:

> The seaports of Massachusetts have turned their backs to the element that made them great, save for play and for fishing; Boston alone is still in the deep-sea game. But all her modern docks and terminals and dredged channels will avail nothing, if the spirit perish that led her founders to "trye all ports."
>
> *Sicut patribus.* . . . We can ask no more here. But in that unknown harbor toward which we all are scudding may our eyes behold some vision like that vouchsafed our fathers, when a California clipper ship made port after a voyage around the world.

A summer day with a sea-turn in the wind. The Grand Banks fog, rolling in wave after wave, is dissolved by the perfumed breath of New England hayfields into a gentle haze, that turns the State House dome to old gold, films brick walls with a soft patina, and sifts blue shadows among the foliage of the Common elms. Out of the mist in Massachusetts Bay comes riding a clipper ship, with the effortless speed of an albatross. Her proud commander keeps skysails and studding-sails set past Boston light. After the long voyage she is in the pink of condition. Paintwork is spotless, decks holystoned cream-white, shrouds freshly tarred, ratlines square. Viewed through a powerful glass, her seizings, flemish-eyes, splices, and pointings are the perfection of the old-time art of rigging. The chafing-gear has just been removed, leaving spars and shrouds immaculate. The boys touched up her skysail poles with white paint, as she crossed the Bay. Boom-ending her studdingsails and hauling a few points on the wind to shoot the Narrows, between Georges and Gallups and Lovells Islands, she pays off again through President Road, and comes booming up the stream, a sight so beautiful that even the lounging soldiers at the Castle, persistent baiters of passing crews, are dumb with wonder and admiration.

Colored pennants on Telegraph Hill have announced her coming to all who know the code. Topliff's News Room breaks into a buzz of conversation, comparing records and guessing at freight money; owners and agents walk briskly down State Street; counting-room clerks hang out of windows to watch her strike skysails and royals; the crimps and hussies of Ann Street foregather, to offer Jack a few days' scabrous pleasure before selling him to a new master. By the time the ship has reached the inner harbor, thousands of critical eyes are watching her every movement, quick to note if in any respect the mate has failed to make sailormen out of her crew of broken Argonauts, beach-combers, Kanakas, and Lascars.

The "old man" stalks the quarter-deck in top hat and frock coat, with the proper air of detachment; but the first mate is as busy as the devil in a gale of wind. Off India Wharf the ship rounds into the wind with a graceful curve, crew leaping into the rigging to furl topgallant sails as if shot upward by the blast of profanity from the mate's bull-like throat. With backed topsails her way is checked, and the cable rattles out of the chain lockers for the first time since Shanghai. Sails are clewed up. Yards are braced to a perfect parallel, and running gear neatly coiled down. A warp is passed from capstan to stringer, and all hands on the capstan-bars walk her up to the wharf with the closing chantey of a deep-sea voyage:


SOLO
1. O, the times are hard and the wa - ges low,
CHORUS
SOLO
Leave her, John - ny, leave her; I'll pack my bag and
CHORUS
go be - low; It's time for us to leave her.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY. By Edward Simmons. Harper & Brothers, New York City. $4.

Most of us know about Mr. Simmons as a distinguished American painter whose mural work in the Congressional Library at Washington, in the Appellate Court building in New York, and elsewhere is a fine contribution to American art.

Here we first meet Mr. Simmons in his early days, in which he had many odd and queer adventures in the Far West. Then he went to Europe in the steerage, studied art in the famous Latin Quartier in Paris, and traveled extensively. He is evidently a born story-teller, and his book is as full as a book possibly can be of anecdotes about men and women of all sorts. Even more enjoyable to our taste than the "wild and woolly" tales of his youth are his delightful reminiscences, appreciations, and discriminating descriptions of American painters and sculptors as found in the latter part of the book.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Delmar Gross Cooke. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

This is a book about Howells the writer rather than about Howells the man. The sub-title, on the title-page (but not on the cover) states this. We must go elsewhere for appreciation of William Dean Howells's warm-hearted, humorous, humanity-loving personality. Even the biographical chapter (there is only one) is largely subjective, and when it isn't is cyclopædic. Mr. Cooke devotes a chapter each to Howells's ideas on criticism, his literary methods, and his literary ideals, and then, dividing his author's work into three heads—Poetry and Travels, Transcripts of Life (in Fiction), and Studies in Ethics (also in Fiction)—analyzes and de-

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scribes each book. Thus this work consists of a series of essays or studies. These will interest those who recall Mr. Howells's books, or, better still, have just read them. The comments are often acute and point out defects as well as merits. Apparently there is to be no adequate and complete Life; much can be gleaned from his own "Boys' Town," "Impressions and Experiences," and "Venetian Life"—three books exceedingly well worth re-reading.

POETRY

ODES AND LYRICS. By Hartley Burr Alexander. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $2.

The work included in Mr. Alexander's "Odes and Lyrics" has, in part, been collected from "Odes on the Generations of Man," first published in 1910, and "The Mid-Earth Life," which appeared as long ago as 1907. All of this poetry belongs to an outdated era, and this is especially perceptible from the fact that it reveals all the errors and mistakes of that outdated era and none of its very positive virtues. Mr. Alexander grows very cosmic at times; he employs stilted language and archaic thoughts; he repeats constantly the material that greater poets have handled surpassingly well. It is an example of his method to note that, instead of having an image say, "I am the child you were," he has it say, "I am the babe thou wast." He also sings

When thou are near I tremble, dear,
As leaves in sudden rain,—
When thou are nigh my heart beats high
With bliss akin to pain.

One can but say "dear, dear." He also uses such extravagant phrasing as "pursed lips do nubble" in order to get a rhyme with bubble, and "ere the bubbles frothle" that he may rhyme with "true-heart trothal," which would seem to be adding insult to injury on poor readers of poetry.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK LOVER. By Maurice Francis Egan. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

One of the chief vices of books about books is that the conclusions contained within them often prove so exasperating as to destroy all pleasure in reading. The idea that when a man writes about books he must enter the arena with either a broadsword or a net and trident and always seek to trip his adversaries up is one that steadily gains in volume as younger men are inoculated with the virus of criticism. However, older men display more equanimity. They do not necessarily fight about books. They talk about them. In his "Confessions of a Book Lover" Mr. Egan talks so delightfully that no one thinks of contradicting him. After all, but few of the younger men agree with him and many of the older men possess views that do not necessarily coincide with his. But disparities in taste do not enter into the question when one reads Mr. Egan's book. It is not so much a book about books as it is about a man's wanderings among books. In a most felicitous colloquial manner Mr. Egan moves among the memories of his boyhood reading, comments on the poets and poetry that please him, and even enters upon discussions of certain novelists. But it is all done in the first person; it is an explanation of Mr. Egan's own mind and the reactions of that mind toward certain books. His critical estimates are much less attempts at definitive analysis than they are explanations of his personal tastes and prejudices. Now Mr. Egan is admittedly a cultured and interesting man, and naturally his likes and dislikes in books are of more than ordinary interest. Therefore "Confessions of a Book Lover" is an important and admirable portrait of a mind that is both restrained and brilliant.

THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER'S SCHOOLS

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

MME. BRESHKOVSKY

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY, "the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," made a deep impression during her two visits to America—in 1904–5, when she was under the ban of the Czar; and in 1918–19, when she was a fugitive from the Bolsheviki. From all parts of the country inquiries have come to me, asking where she is now and what she is doing.

When she found herself unable to go back to Russia, she devoted herself to founding boarding-schools for poor children in Russian Carpathia. This beautiful, wild, and mountainous region is now a part of the Czechoslovak Republic, but its people are of Russian descent. They are very poor and ignorant, but excellently endowed by nature, she says, and eager for education. The schools that she started were warmly welcomed. They have been supported mainly by American help, and they need this help now more than ever.

Madame Breshkovsky has been obliged to live for some time in Prague, because of her ill health.

Madame Breshkovsky had been much shocked by the murder of Nabokoff and the attempted assassination of Milyukoff by those who wish to restore the old régime. She wrote to her American friends that the monarchists had made a list of fourteen influential persons whom they meant to kill, including not only Socialists but liberals and progressives, and that she was one of the fourteen. She said, "They are hunting us like big game."

She is in deep grief over the state of public affairs. In a letter to an American friend she says:

"From all sides I am assailed and bombarded by prayers and requests, of which it is impossible to fulfill even the half. To say nothing of Russia itself, here in Europe we have to take care of thousands and thousands of our destitute countrymen. One asks a visa to go to a place where he hopes to get work. Another is searching for his relatives, lost God knows where. Some have children that must be placed in boarding-schools or furnished with clothes. The majority ask for money, being on the verge of starvation. Unable to meet these needs, one feels very sad.

"I am striving to preserve my faculties, with a view to the time when there will be need of our old forces in Russia. So, instead of dissolving myself into the general distress and wretchedness, I try to concentrate my attention on those young beings who can be reached, and who have already begun to prove themselves reasonable, conscious, and in sympathy with the welfare of their countrymen. I mean my Carpathian boarding-schools, which contain already many hundreds of poor girls and boys."

In a letter to another friend she writes:

"Small as it is, my work consists of two branches, both springing from the same stem. The first is the constitution of a group of *intelligentsia*, honest, enlightened, and devoted to the people—that will work among the people and with the people, to persuade them to a life more conscious, more ethical, more humanitarian. For I have observed that hitherto those who have had a chance to become highly educated do not care to transfer their knowledge to those deprived of that privilege. This neglect of the command given by Christ himself—who esteemed children as the best instrument through which the perfection

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of the human soul can be promoted—has as its result the complete separation of the population into two different classes, that do not understand each other, and end by becoming hostile to each other.

"It is not so much power and capital that are the cause of the animosity we see in all countries between the two strata of mankind, as a more terrible thing—ignorance on the one side, and on the other the selfishness that sets up barriers debarring the masses from scientific knowledge. . . .

"With this purpose, I started some boarding-schools in the Slavonic province most accessible to me, Russian Carpathia, where some hundreds of poor children are sheltered, fed, and clothed. They attend various courses, and have also a teacher living with them at home. There are many orphans among our pupils, for the war left a great number of widows with large families.

"So the formation of a front of enlightened and conscious-of-its-duty *intelligentsia* is my first task. My second is to save little beings deprived of all help, and left alone to be degraded by the world's neglect and turned into hooligans, beggars, and even criminals. . . .

"After my work of seventy-eight years among children, young people, grown-up people of all ages and classes, and again and again with children and youth, I say with conviction that we women have before us a most important and most beautiful task: the regeneration, the perfection of human society by educating children, not as dolls or creatures devoid of understanding, but as little beings endowed with reason and conscience, having their little duties to perform."

Contributions for Madame Breshkovsky's schools may be sent to the writer of this article, Alice Stone Blackwell, 3 Monadnock Street, Boston 25, Mass., or to Miss Alice Masaryk, Prague, Czechoslovakia. Miss Masaryk is the daughter of President Masaryk, of Czechoslovakia. Madame Breshkovsky's own address when she was last heard from was Praha Bubenec, Sanatoria, care of Dr. Kramer, Prague, Czechoslovakia. The best way to send money to Prague is through the American Railway Express. A small gift in American money becomes an enormous number of kronen when it reaches Czechoslovakia.

Nothing makes Madame Breshkovsky so happy as to hear of a generous contribution to her schools. They are the thing nearest her heart. She writes in one letter, "If I should disappear some day, do not forget my schools!" Every one who has seen them testifies to the excellence of their work. The children are trained in useful trades as well as in book learning, and many of the girls are educated to become teachers. Above all, the pupils are imbued with Madame Breshkovsky's own spirit of courage, righteousness, and loving kindness, which is the greatest thing in the world. Hundreds of children have been gathered into these schools, but thousands stand outside, starving physically and spiritually. Madame Breshkovsky's heart is large enough to take them all in, if her American friends will only enlarge her means.

"PARSING" MATCHES

BY ALICE E. CATE

I GET a real thrill every time I think of formal English grammar and how I learned it. Perhaps before I've finished it will seem that the word formal is a misnomer, for in my experience it is associated with the ardent friendships of thirteen years, with conquest, with competition, with smiles, with chocolate-cream drops, with boys' awkward gallantries, with white dresses and long sashes, with thrilling school recesses and adorable teachers, especially with one splendid gentleman whose gray hair stood up on end as he ran his fingers through his locks during one of our "parsing matches."

During the long processes of a later education I never have felt the scholastic satisfactions that I used to feel when in the Grew School I succeeded in analyzing correctly a long and difficult sentence. This is the way it was done. Sides were chosen, and at the beginning of the afternoon session the two lines with their leaders stood on opposite sides of the schoolroom. Then, in the hush of a sizzling afternoon, for it always was summer then, after a dinner that satisfied but did not dull, the contest began—I might almost say conflict. The sentence was read; probably, as we were approaching the end of the school year, it was of long, difficult, and involved construction. The room was hushed, every eye on the book, and the leader began. Woe if by one word he slipped; then hands went up from the other side, "ohs" and "ahs" breathed dissent, and the other side took it up. "The boy stood on the burning deck," etc. "*Boy* is the simple subject, *stood* the simple predicate. *The boy* the complete subject, *stood on the burning deck, etc.*, the complete predicate. *Boy* is modified"—"ohs" and "ahs." Down goes the pupil. Why? He must say, *Boy, the simple subject*, for in this contest there must be exactness, perfection—nothing short will do. Such terms were arbitrary, no doubt, but vital to the issue.

And so it went on for an hour, points were counted up, the successful side announced, the ones left at the head of the lines becoming leaders for next time, and the event of the day was over. How I loved it, and how I remember hurrying my dinner at noon to have more time to make letter perfect that forthcoming event! We studied on the way to school and up to the last minute. How our teacher ever got us into the ecstatic state of mind he did over parsing and analysis I don't know. Possibly he was like a certain master of the Roxbury Latin School who taught Latin. One of his graduates once said that if Dr. C—— had taught gymnastics instead of Latin all the school would have elected gymnastics. Something of that power to impart enthusiasm was the gift of our teacher. English grammar became an aroma, a bouquet, a passion, and this sense of its vitality did not end when I bowed my way off the stage at the graduation of our class. For a day I may have forgotten its place in my affections, for it was pretty exciting that June morning to have a new embroidered muslin dress with a long sash and to be called upon to deliver the salutatory with its "Friends, we salute you." And I couldn't forget that a fraction of a per cent would have put me ahead of Willie H., whose marks I never quite reached. Then there were roses and proud parents. I can hear my father now as he cleared his throat just before the "exercises" began. I can see his head thrown back and his long gray side-whiskers as he sat near the front, attentive and sympathetic.

But was it any use? Has this study of English grammar helped me during the precious years since? To this day I never come across an involved sentence that cannot be worked out, if it's worth while, by those same old grammar-school methods, if imagination fails to illuminate it. Shakespeare and Amy Lowell will forever hold some secrets never to be divulged, but it's easy to dig out all we're supposed to understand by some unconscious process of thought induced, I believe, by those earlier methods of study. And the joy intermingled with those processes!

To-day how is grammar taught? A fourteen-year-old boy last year announced that he had twenty-two rules in punctuation to learn, and they were to be learned in the exact words of the book *in the order in which they came in the grammar!* O holy Moses! Will teachers never learn that to each assignment of lessons must be put this vital question, *Is this a life matter?* and that as little as possible should be required that is not to be for life? When will there ever be found the occasion to know the order of twenty-two rules of punctuation in somebody's grammar?

Another tragedy appalls me: giving pupils beautiful poems—Shakespeare, Longfellow, Shelley—to learn, requiring that they must know just what mark of punctuation comes at the end of each line, so as to be able to write the quotation *exactly*. It's sacrilege!

> Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
> Bird thou never wert—

Think of having to stop and ask what point goes after "Hail"! I've just looked it up, and know for the first time how one compositor does the trick, but I've thrilled in ignorance a hundred times over that same "Hail, blithe spirit."

Blessed be the teacher who etherealizes English grammar and while teaching the rules of the game touches the everlasting spirit!

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Stop sore throat before it starts

SORE throat often leads to more serious ills. You know that.

Better be on the safe side during these influenza days and don't let it get even a slight start on you. There's an easy, pleasant way.

Simply use Listerine systematically as a gargle and mouth-wash. Several times a day is a wise precaution. It will put you on the safe side.

Besides, then, you'll be sure your breath is right—sweet, fresh and clean. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can't embarrass you when you use Listerine regularly.

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AUTHORITY IN A DEMOCRACY

From an address delivered by Colonel Samuel Harden Church, President of Carnegie Institute, before the National Founders' Association

AUTHORITY in a democracy must rest in the sound leadership of the people, and without capable and talented leadership there can be neither prosperity nor happiness for the nation. If we could all only understand the meaning of leadership, and of the authority that goes with it, we could reach the solution of our troubles much more quickly. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing Henry Ward Beecher deliver a lecture in Pittsburgh, and only one sentence of that address has remained in my mind. It was this: "Whenever you hear a man proclaiming that he is as good as the next man, always turn around and see who the next man is!" I have always thought that the safeguard of our democracy was embedded in that maxim. Our forefathers established a representative form of government for this country based upon their belief that the people would choose superior men to be their leaders. Yet in our political life we are constantly met with the spectacle of the man who has failed in every undertaking in civil affairs, but who says "send me" to the offices of highest responsibility in the public service. In all other human undertakings the masterful man is a prerequisite to the success of the enterprise. We have a great population in Pittsburgh, but we could never have had our steel mills there without Carnegie and his associates to behold the vision and take the risk. America could never have had the stabilizing institution of the Steel Corporation without Morgan to organize it and Gary to manage its ripening years. We could never have had the railroad system, which is the wonder of the world, without Vanderbilt and Garrett and Edgar Thomson and Cassatt to build it over barren mountains, and across surging rivers, and through the savage wilderness when only their faith in their country rescued such an investment from madness. We could never have assuaged the hunger of our people, occupying a vast continent, without the McCormicks and the Studebakers to harvest the mighty crops with their wonder-working machines. And we could never have worked out the problem of food distribution for our enormous territory without the aid of the meat packers, who have been good servants of the Nation here at Chicago.

These great constructive achievements are due to leadership and the authority that comes from leadership, and if our people would use the same care in choosing our public servants that they do in selecting the real builders of the country, the return to happiness would be more quickly accomplished.

I know of one railroad company which made a secret but thorough canvass of

A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts *four out of five* people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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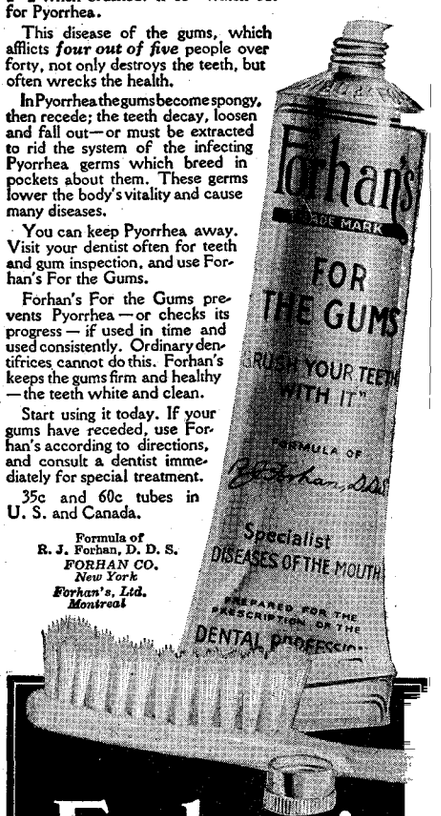

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fifteen hundred clerks in order to find one man among them who possessed the qualifications—intelligence, tact, order, discipline, and personality—to fit him to be an assistant secretary. I have within the past few weeks seen a list of fifteen colleges and universities, some of them among the greatest in the country, which are looking for presidents, yet some of them permit one, two, or three years to elapse without making a choice because the exceptional man cannot be found, or, if found, is not available. I know of two industrial establishments in Pittsburgh, both fabricating the same things and each capitalized for not less than $5,000,000. One of them is efficiently officered with a capable man on every part of the work, and has been successful from the start. The other, with a newer and better plant, but without an efficient organization, has never made a dollar of profit.

In our political history we are illustrious only where we have had great leaders. In that brilliant group at the time of the Revolution there is abundant evidence that Washington was the one man indispensable to success. In the Civil War it was Lincoln whose patience and faith, trying out one man after another, finally guided the armies to victory.

We find our hope for better things in reading the history of all great wars, for we shall see that from the time of Cæsar every war has been followed by an overturn of constituted authority, an attack upon property through confiscatory taxation, and an unflinching demand of the home-coming army upon the purse of the nation. In Cromwell's time after the Civil Wars in England had ended there arose an organization known as the Levellers, who attempted to distribute all the wealth of the nation on an equal per capita basis and to reduce the social state of the people of England to the condition of the most wretched and ignorant person in the land. Cromwell encountered that organization in the field and disposed of it in a practical fashion. In France one hundred and fifty years later the mob started upon a similar undertaking, and Carlyle tells us that a young major of artillery named Napoleon Bonaparte met the French Revolution in the streets of Paris and put an end to it with a whiff of grape-shot.

In our time the two adventurers who have brought humanity to its dregs in Russia are reaching the logical termination of their experiment. It was a repetition of the movement of the Levellers of Cromwell's time, and of the fanatics who aimed at greater madness in Revolutionary France. But it has failed miserably and with misery to all the vast millions who were subjected to it, and it has shown the world once more that men who lead humanity downward instead of upward must inevitably attract into their retinue those four horsemen whose appalling ride brings war, famine, pestilence, and death unto all the nations. We are being called upon to support the people of Russia from

A 10-Day Test

Which ten million people have made

This delightful test which we offer you has been made by ten million people. It has taught the homes of some 50 nations a new teeth-cleaning method.

Dentists the world over also urge this method. Thus the past five years have opened a new dental era.

If you don't know these benefits, send and learn them now.

Combat the film

Try combating the film on teeth. See how they improve.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Discolored by stains, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact. There it remained to constantly threaten serious damage. So, despite all care, tooth troubles were increasing until very few escaped.

Then dental science sought ways to fight that film. After long research, two ways were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application. That tooth paste, called Pepsodent, is now used wherever careful people live.

Combats acids, too

Pepsodent brings other much-desired effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Teeth glisten everywhere today

You can see the results wherever you look. Teeth glisten which once were dim. Beautiful teeth are now more common, and people smile to show them.

Those prettier teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. They mean that those people will hereafter have better tooth protection. They mean that children are better protected from what you may have suffered from the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

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AUTHORITY IN A DEMOCRACY

(*Continued*)

starvation. It is a merciful task, but every dollar we spend in that way preserves Bolshevism from its final fall.

And now humanity has once more turned on the upward march. There in Italy we see a palpable and dramatic change for the better. There were many signs of decadence in Italy. The Government-owned railroads were the worst the world has ever seen. Other public utilities were wastefully administered. Public credit was declining. Integrity was melting under a loose system. Voices were crying out for the confiscation of property. Labor was trying to seize all. And then there came through the gates of Rome a black-shirted man, without sword or gun in his hand, who told the Ministry that government means life and honor and property and happiness, and that he is going to give Italy such a government. And with a purpose like that in his heart, no man dared to stop him, and in one hour he became the master of an empire, his leadership to endure as long as his heart and his integrity remain sound.

And in this great work of restoring authority in a disordered world America has her imperative task. We have not lost faith in our leaders, but we must give them faith and more faith. We must come once more to the recognition of exceptional men, and give weight to the authority of their knowledge and experience. We must call them back into the doing of mighty tasks, and permit them freely to reap the rewards of their courage and genius. We must refrain from our National passion of trying to make the world virtuous by acts of parliament, and repeal a thousand laws which hamstring our civilization. We must realize that only by the upbuilding of character can a nation be made righteous.

And when we view the troubled world we must compassionately enter her councils and take part with her in the discussion of her enormous difficulties. We should give what aid we can in the restoration of her normal way of life. And there is another thing we should consider. The other nations owe us great sums of money, a portion of which was given to them for their own national purposes, and is thus a legitimate obligation which should be paid. But another portion of these sums was advanced to enable them to keep up the fight while we were tardily preparing to take our place on the battle-front. It is a question of conscience whether some part of this debt ought not to be remitted—not for the enlargement of foreign armies and navies, not for the attainment of dangerous national aspirations—but it may well be committed to men like President Harding and those two great Secretaries, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Mellon, whether the time has not come when America, through an act of superlative statesmanship, cannot employ a part of these vexatious funds in the purchase of an enduring international peace.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ROBERT STERLING YARD is the author of "The Top of the Continent," "The Book of the National Parks," "The Book of the Grand Canyon," etc. He was the organizer, and is at present the executive secretary, of the National Parks Association, and for five years was the chief of the educational section of the National Parks Service in the Department of the Interior. Mr. Yard is also an editor and publisher; during his career he has been an editor of the New York "Herald," editor of "The Lamp," editor-in-chief of Moffat, Yard & Co., and editor-in-chief of the "Century Magazine."

RENÉ BACHE lives in Washington. He has been engaged in journalism and literature for many years, as writer and contributor to many publications.

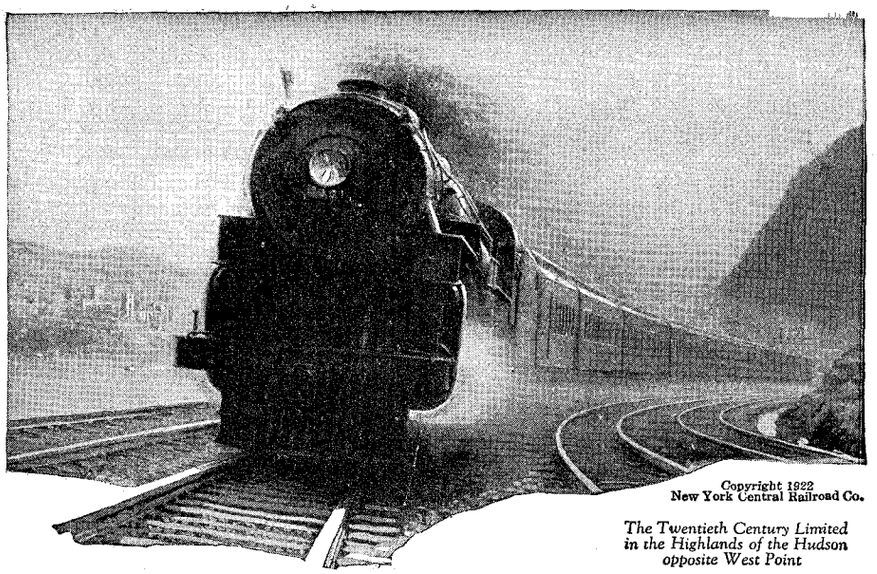
WITTER BYNNER writes from Santa Fé, New Mexico. He is a member of a committee of artists and writers in the Southwest who have banded together to protect the cause of the Indians in general and to fight the Bursum Indian Bill in particular. Mr. Bynner's last contribution to The Outlook was a group of poems translated from the Chinese.

WILLIAM H. KIRKBRIDE, since graduating from Haverford College in 1901, has had a variety of occupations. He has ranched in Idaho; been president of the Pacific Coast Construction Company, doing Government construction work in British Columbia; and is now raising cotton on a large plantation in Camden, South Carolina.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL, who contributes a story on Catherine Breshkovsky, whose biography she has already written in a volume entitled "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," has long been interested in Armenian and Russian relief. She is also an extensive writer on woman suffrage and Honorary President of the Massachusetts League of Woman Voters. She has had a wide journalistic experience which dates from 1881, when she assisted her father and mother on the "Woman's Journal" in Boston.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, son of the late Dr. Lyman Abbott and President of The Outlook Company, contributes a review of Professor Samuel Eliot Morison's "Maritime History of Massachusetts." Professor Morison is a graduate of Harvard University, and was an instructor in history at Harvard for many years before the World War, later becoming a lecturer in that subject. In November, 1921, he was elected to the Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth professorship of American History at Oxford University.

ROBERT HILLYER, nephew of the poetess Marion Couthouy Smith and the author of several volumes of poetry, is an instructor in English at Harvard University.



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Popular Tours at Popular Prices

Parties sailing in April, May, June, July and August. Reservations being made now. Write for booklet.

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Europe Summer 1923 Superb Routes. Experienced leadership. Limited number. For details write R. H. Browning, Secretary, 117 Elm St., Oberlin, O.

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The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

Educational Tours to EUROPE, Summer 1923. Organizer of small party will be given free trip to Europe. Address Educational Tours, 160 E. College St., Oberlin, O.

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND ITALY IN APRIL

Tour sailing April 18.

Leisurely travel.
Interesting routes.
Interpretive leadership.
First class throughout.

Write to

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WE can make your travel EASY
OUR TOURS
include Rome, Switzerland, Netherlands, France and British Isles. Sailing June 27. Twelfth Season.
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Parties of 3 or 4 personally escorted by members of Cambridge University between April and Oct. Selected itineraries. High class cars. Competitive rates. Write for booklet early to D. GUNSTON, 15, Station Rd., Cambridge, Eng.

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Travel with us to the picturesque capitals of the Old World: Edinburgh, London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rome.

Send for new booklet, Europe 1923

THE TEMPLE TOURS
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EUROPE 1923 Students' Tour $745
July 3. Popular Tour June 30. Other tours. PIERCE TOURS, 1472 Broadway, New York

EUROPE Sailing from Montreal, June 22, June 29 and July 6, visiting England, Holland, Belgium, The Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy (including Naples), Monaco (Riviera), France. **$745**
MENTOR TOURS 53 W. Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO

PRIVATE PARTY TO SOUTH AMERICA

may secure services of experienced conductor speaking Spanish and French. Excellent ref. M. L. Flint, 1507 M St. N.W., Washington, D.C.

SICILY IN ALMOND BLOSSOM TIME
LAKE COMO at EASTER

Ten weeks abroad, from Feb. 17 to April 25, in small private party. Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Sicily, Italy, Lake Geneva and Paris.

Ninth trip (third European) conducted by Miss Caroline B. Hinman, 80 Prospect St., Summit, N. J. Tel. Summit 513 R.

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A homelike Hotel, modern equipment, centrally located. A delightful water front with unsurpassed sea bathing, boating, fishing, tennis and dancing. **Nearest Hotel to the 18-hole Mid-Ocean and 9-hole Prospect Golf Courses.**

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On beautiful Sixteenth Street, one square north of White House. Catering to exclusive clientele. The center of all that is worth while in Washington

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

PINE TREE INN

Lakehurst, N. J.
WARM—MOST COMFORTABLE
Booklet. Albert A. Le Roy.

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West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pocono Manor Winter Inn

American Plan Moderate Rates
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The happy land of winter sports and health-giving rest. Skiing, skating, tobogganing and snowshoeing. Bracing climate, excellent food, comfortable rooms, personal attention.

The ideal week-end trip.

Less than three hours from New York via the D. L. & W. R. R. It is suggested that reservations be made at once.

H. ARTHUR HALL, Manager
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"Pennsylvania's Most Healthful Resort"

Towanda, Pa., Woodleigh. Luxurious country home—beautiful estate; accessible L. V. R. R.; owner trained nurse. Fine air, good food, steam heat, open wood fires, electricity. Rooms en suite with private baths; sun parlors, automobiles, horses; simple life. For booklet address Miss ELIZABETH LAMB.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Unlock the *best* that's in you

Life is quicker, more exuberant, more healthful in Tucson, Arizona.

Warm sunshine, clear skies, and dry, invigorating air unlock new energy and vitality. No snow, ice, or cold chains up the best that's in you.

Flowers are Blooming

Zinnias, chrysanthemums, and roses are blooming now. Pink-cheeked children play out of doors. Golf, hunting, motoring, horseback-riding, hiking are every-day sports in Tucson. A golden procession of sunny days, with little rain, no fog or wind, make just living *luxurious*. The mean monthly temperature from October to May never exceeds 72°, nor falls below 49°.

Good Hotels: Reasonable Rents

A modest income commands every pleasure and comfort in Tucson. Furnished cottages rent from $40 and up per month. Town and country clubs are open to visitors. Twenty-five thousand hospitable citizens invite you to enjoy the sunshine-climate.

Reduced Fares

Reduced fares (main line Pullman service) are effective via Rock Island, El Paso & Southwestern or Southern Pacific. Tucson—and sunshine—are only 53 hours from Chicago, 73 from New York.

Illustrated Booklet—Free

"Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate" contains a story of surpassing interest. If you want to rest or play, build up physically, or vanquish pulmonary troubles, send for it *Now*.

Just mail the coupon.

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151 Old Pueblo Club Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.

Please send me your free booklet "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

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BY THE WAY

THE most widely quoted business slogan of recent years is probably "Say it with flowers." Its invention is claimed by various persons, but is credited by a New York paper to the head of a Boston advertising agency, Mr. P. F. O'Keefe. Mr. O'Keefe, the story runs, suggested the slogan to the publicity committee of the Society of American Florists in Cleveland, in December, 1917. "It was evident," he said, "that a slogan so worded as to induce people to buy more flowers was needed. In a great mass of quotations which I gathered from the poets, I came across this, from Bishop Cox's 'Singing of Birds:'

Flowers are words,
Which even a babe may understand.

" 'There,' I said, 'is the slogan. There is a language of flowers. They speak. Even a babe can understand. Now to work that into a twentieth century phrase that conveys the meaning.' And then and there the slogan, 'Say it with flowers,' was born."

From the "Lehigh Burr:"

Fair One—"You remember that you told me that you hunted tigers in West Africa. Well, I read that there are no tigers there."

Notzo Fair—"Quite right, quite right, I killed them all."

From the "Colorado Dodo:"

Woman—"Now, if you don't leave at once, I'll call my husband, and he used to play football at Yale."

Tramp—"Lady, if youse love yer husband, don't; because I used to play wid Harvard."

A Frenchman in good circumstances, according to a newspaper correspondent,

To Real Estate Owners and Dealers

All indications point to an active and profitable spring market for real estate. You are interested in reaching possible buyers.

The Outlook will issue three special Real Estate Numbers, dated February 21, March 21, and April 18. A small advertisement in these special issues will enable you to reach thousands of prospective buyers and renters.

In the three corresponding special issues for 1921 The Outlook published 337 separate real estate advertisements.

In the same issues for 1922 The Outlook carried 353 real estate advertisements.

The steady growth in volume of real estate advertising is the best indication of the particular value of The Outlook in bringing consistent results.

The rate for real estate advertising is only 60 cents a line. We will be glad to aid you in the preparation of copy. Write us promptly, sending full information regarding your property.

Real Estate Department,

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Real Estate

NEW YORK

FOR SALE on LAKE GEORGE. Splendid camp property, 75 acres, 1,500 feet shore front. Suitable for private residence or boys' or girls' camp. 8,453, Outlook.

Apartments

A BACHELOR desires to sublet 10-room apartment (furnished) until his lease expires (September 30, 1923) to a small family of adults; possibly retaining 2 rooms with privilege of breakfast. Address J.H.F., Apartment 8G, 175 West 72d, N.Y.City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6¼x7) and 75 envelopes, printed, $2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper or children's nurse for two children 11 and 6. Children's mending and general care of two bedrooms and bath required. Position needs a woman with initiative and good judgment who likes children and is interested in them. Highest personal references as to character and qualifications required. Apply 1583 Mistletoe Drive, Cleveland, O.

WANTED—Woman of refinement who understands management of servants to take charge of dining-room of private club in mountains from May until November. 3,211, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, practical, refined, reliable, desires care of invalid. Matron institution or nursery. 3,205, Outlook.

Business Situations

POSITION desired as directress of tea room or hotel dining-room. Open for engagement after June 10. Reference. Address 3,207, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

YOUNG man with a wide and varied experience in child welfare work, recently superintendent of an orphanage, desires executive or sub-executive position. Conversant in French, Italian, and German. Capable grade school teacher. Best of references. 3,038, Outlook.

ACCOUNTANT (certified) seeks connection as comptroller-auditor with large progressive corporation; qualified by long experience to organize a practical cost department and produce results. Highest references. 3,178, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement, Protestant, desires position as assistant dietitian. Two years' hospital experience. 3,204, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING companion—Refined, capable woman. Excellent references. 3,196, Outlook.

COMPANION—Business woman of broad experience desires position as companion to lady or family traveling in the Orient. 3,198, Outlook.

WIDOW as managing housekeeper. Thoroughly understands household management. Excellent references. 3,200, Outlook.

YOUNG college graduate with teaching experience wishes to travel in summer. Will tutor, act as secretary, companion, or in executive capacity. 3,202, Outlook.

ENGLISH lady would like position as useful companion, or would take entire charge of one child. Capable, experienced, traveled, good shopper, also excellent needlewoman. New York preferred. 3,203, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER wants position. Refined, educated, American. Protestant family preferred. 3,210, Outlook.

SUPERVISING matron-housemother, educated, capable, desires similar or other responsible position. 3,208, Outlook.

WELL educated young woman desires position as social secretary. Will travel. 3,213, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

THEOLOGICAL student, Episcopal, desires position tutor-companion with boy going abroad. Available June to September. 3,152, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG lady of good education and experience desires temporary position as governess for young children or tea room assistant. References exchanged. 3,201, Outlook.

COLLEGE student desires to tutor during summer vacation in French, Spanish, German, and perhaps Latin. Has had experience and will furnish reliable references as to character and ability. George H. Perrine, Psi Upsilon House, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

GOVERNESS-tutor. Experienced French, English, German, music. Backward children trained. Expert traveler. Highest recommendations. 3,209, Outlook.

PUBLIC school teacher will teach child in private family. Desires to travel. 3,212, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

TRAINED nurse, Protestant, would like to care for very young child in her country home. Best references. 3,197, Outlook.

FREE TUITION—including even board and room, to young women ages 18 to 35 learning in New York City or Chicago institutions a recognized profession paying $200 month salary on graduation. Apply for details to 1101 Times Square Bldg., N. Y. C., or 1515 Capitol Bldg., Chicago.

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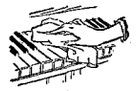
Safe-Keeping Your Teeth by the Colgate Method

5 Good Rules for Good Teeth—Good Health



1—"Wash," Don't *scour* Your Teeth (you wouldn't scour piano keys)

"Wash" your teeth thoroughly. Don't scour them. Washing cleans safely. "Scouring" cleans harmfully. Scouring scratches the enamel, the enamel protects the teeth, and you can't grow new enamel! Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no harsh grit. It cleanses and polishes by washing without scouring.

2—After each meal

"Wash" your teeth after *each* meal. When you eat, particles of food lodge between and around the teeth. Remove them promptly before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes cavities in the teeth. A clean tooth doesn't decay. *"Wash"* your teeth regularly, carefully and thoroughly. Wash them just before going to bed.

3—Use a safe Dentifrice

Use a safe dental cream. Powerful drugs in a dentifrice injure the mouth and throat. Avoid any dentifrice so strong that it cannot be used safely several times a day. Select an established, tried-and-tested dentifrice with a reputation for merit. You can use Colgate's during a long life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of the teeth.

4—Rub the Gums (*Gingival massage*)

As advised by many dentists, after you use the tooth brush, finish the cleansing by rubbing both upper and lower gums with the tip of the forefinger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. That massage helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.

5—See your dentist twice a year

Some people try to doctor themselves, but even they don't attempt to be their own dentist. See your dentist *regularly, twice a year* at least.

COLGATE'S

Cleans Teeth the Right Way

***"Washes"* and Polishes—**
Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

Photographs and Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK can always use good amateur photographs of interesting scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay $1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use; cartoons are not returned.

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

BY THE WAY—(*Continued*)

orders a roast goose for a winter feast in the same matter-of-course manner that an American family provides tur key. In Paris the fat goose is sent to a public roaster. "In the back shop a vast chimney full of red-hot embers sports three ranks of spits all turning while the luscious juices drip. Capons, chickens, ducklings, pheasants, quail, pigeons—all turn and mingle their rich juices in the process. But enthroned on the best central spits are the geese of Mans. *The* bird, the grand bird, is the goose. It is tender, delicate, not over large, of a faintly wild game flavor, and deemed without doubt the most succulent and meritorious of Christmas fowl."

"The negotiations for the use of the Turkish straits," a contributor to the New York "Herald" says, "bring to mind a pretty story of half a century ago. When Admiral Farragut, two years after the civil war, visited Europe on a special mission in the frigate Franklin he desired to pass through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. But he was informed of a rule that no naval vessel was permitted to enter that sea except when there was a member of a royal family on board. Thereupon the Admiral's secretary called upon the Turkish authorities and told them that on board the Franklin were 265 members of the American royal family, any one of whom might some day become President of the Republic. Then the Franklin was allowed to pass."

Free verse from the "Stevens Tech Stone Mill:"

> I know a girl
> Who paints
> And she certainly
> Can draw
> Men.

Parent (as reported by the Los Angeles "Times")—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny—"I dunno." Parent—"I should think you would know. When all the other children are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" Johnny—"Teacher."

"The coming winter season promises to be one of the most active in the matter of cruising service in many years," says "Shipping." Cruises to the Mediterranean, to the West Indies, to the South Seas, and around the world are more numerous than ever before. One of the southern cruises, that of the steamship Ebro, will include a visit to San Fernandez Island, the traditional scene of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Alexander Selkirk, it will be remembered, was marooned on this island for four years, and his experience very probably suggested "Crusoe" to Defoe, but the author really put his hero ashore on an island near the mouth of the "great river Orinookoo," which is separated by ten thousand miles of sea water from San Juan Fernandez.

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